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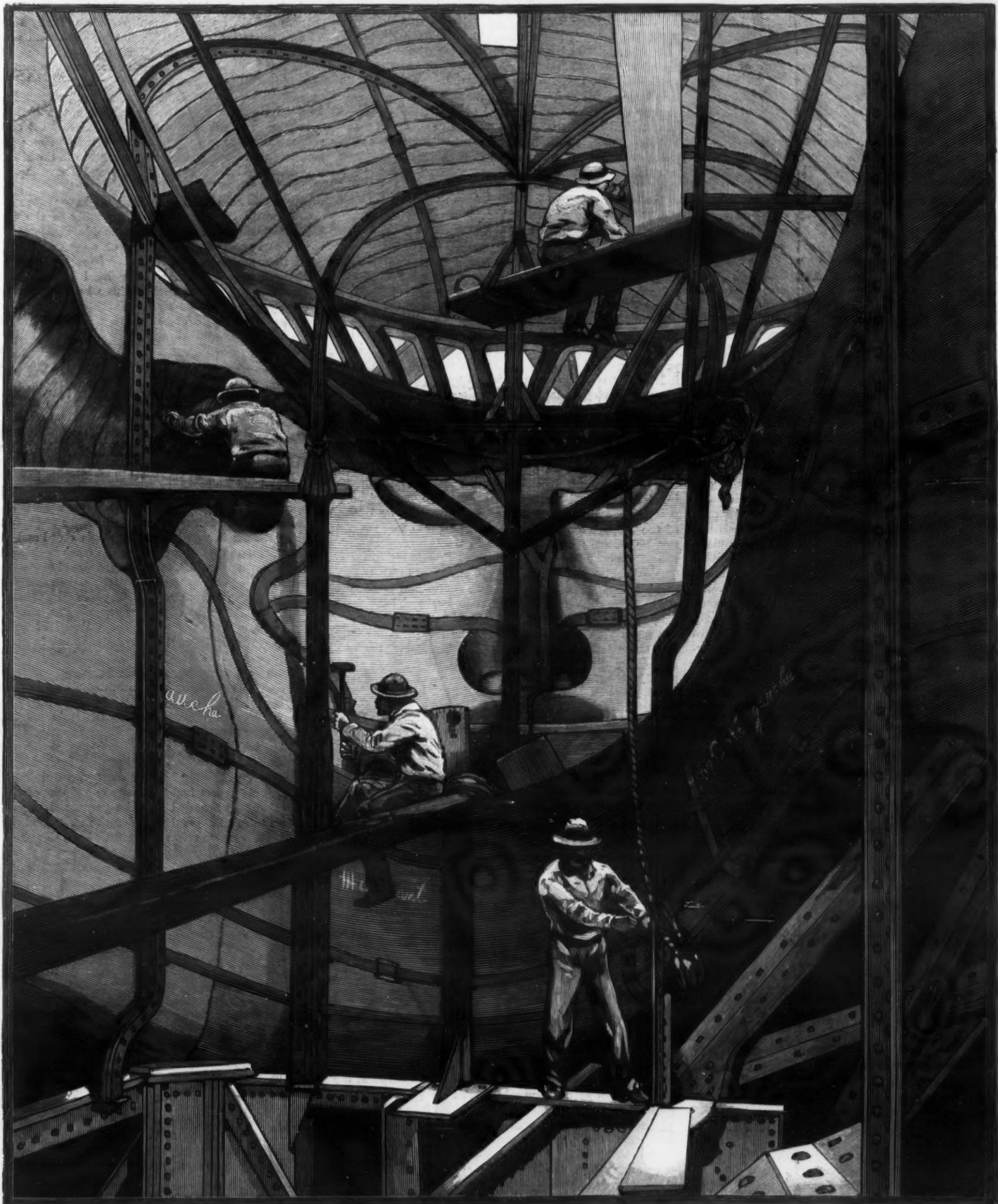
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—COMPLETING THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE UPPER PORTION OF THE STATUE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 149.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 &amp; 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

## POLITICS AS A CAREER.

**I**N England, political life offers to educated young men a career as distinctly recognized as a career at the Bar or in letters. This is not the case in our country, for the reason that few men can afford to make politics their life-work. It is perfectly true that a Parliamentary career in England implies the possession of at least a moderate fortune, but the English diplomatic service is superior to ours in that it offers certainty of tenure, with a prospect of promotion. In America our colleges can practically give no direct training for political life, inasmuch as politics as a profession does not exist. The college can introduce the student to political economy, history, law and the like, and furnish the broadest and best general education, and there its preparation must end. According to a recent statement of President Eliot, college men—Harvard men, at least—do not shun politics in accordance with the popular impression, but they seek for a career which will afford them a livelihood. It is worth while to consider what political life has to offer.

Beginning at the lowest round, a common councilman serves without pay, an alderman can receive no remuneration of consequence honestly, and the few hundred dollars paid a State representative or senator are inadequate for support. The higher offices cannot be filled without serious neglect of any regular business or profession. A congressman receives a living salary, but the tenure of office is most uncertain, and as this applies to other high offices, few men dependent upon their salaries will consent to live in this condition of periodical uncertainty. In the diplomatic service the lower posts bring utterly inadequate salaries, the tenure is most precarious in every case, and our Ministers to the Great Powers are expected to draw upon their private resources for the proper maintenance of their rank. The result is that by a policy of economy our people are arriving at precisely the condition which they have sought to avoid, and in this "government of the people," public affairs are largely administered by what is called "the aristocracy of wealth."

The obvious question whether public service should not be as well rewarded as private service is one which President Eliot seems ready to answer in the affirmative. He says: "As a people we are doing little or nothing to attract the brains of the nation to our legislative halls, and until we change our present methods for better ones we must expect to find conventions and legislatures and congresses dominated by those wealthy men who alone can afford to spend their lives in politics; or, on the other hand, we must expect to have affairs largely influenced by those unprincipled demagogues and adventurers who enter politics solely for the dishonest returns that come to them," etc. Remembering recent statements regarding the great wealth represented in the United States Senate, and bearing in mind the incapacity of the average Congress, so neatly formulated by Mr. Walker in a recent magazine paper, the opinions which we have quoted certainly seem to have a substantial foundation.

The propriety of adequately rewarding public service and of opening political life to poor as well as rich opens a question entitled now more than ever to serious consideration. There is something to be said on both sides. Meantime, we are by no means pessimistic. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon, in a recent address on enfranchisement from party despotism, has pointed out that it is not the subservient partisan, but the independent voter, who has come to be considered by party leaders. The silent voters, "carrying their sovereignty under their own hats," are a source of terror to monopolistic politicians as well as to unscrupulous party hacks, and the silent vote of thinking citizens, whose common sense and independence remain unimpaired, may be generally depended upon to rebuke the aggressions of an "aristocracy of wealth" or of political bandits.

## THE COMING WAR.

**I**T is impossible to avoid the conviction that an explosion may occur at any moment in Europe, so great is the strain upon all the Powers to avert the inevitable in what was European Turkey. Curses, like chickens, come home to roost, and the tremendous work that is yet to be done between the Danube and the Aegean is the legacy to Europe of the senseless and criminal Crimean War. In that struggle England adroitly played off the wounded pride of Napoleon III, Emperor, by whatever means, of the French people, against the disdain and contempt of Nicholas, and succeeded in postponing by the aid of France the day of reckoning between herself and Russia. It is always to be borne in mind that the Crimean War settled nothing in Eastern Europe. Russia was checked for a time, not by the nature of things, but in spite of them; and she is now moving forward as if with the force of gravitation. There is yet a soul of good in things evil, and the Crimean War deserves respectful regard, not because it gave to England the charge at

Balaclava, and to France the Malakoff, but because the genius of Cavour turned it to account in the making of Italy.

It is no longer the same Europe that gathers about the spoil of the Turk. Austria and Prussia took no part in the conflict of 1854, and Italy, as yet, was not; but to-day it is felt that no Power, great or small, can withdraw from an active part in the coming wrestle. Statesmen refused, thirty years ago, to deal openly and resolutely with facts; and to-day the facts have become unmanageable.

One thing only seems to be clear in the present situation, and that is that Germany, alone among the Powers, is able to bide her time and choose the moment for action. When she does act, it may be assumed that she will have in view the interests of Germany rather than those of England; and it does not seem to be rash to conclude that if another Crimean War is to be undertaken, England will find no ally ready to play the part of Napoleon III.

## MR. MANNING'S RETURN TO OFFICE.

**M**R. MANNING has resumed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury with the well-nigh universal approval of his countrymen. A certain feeling of relief is apparently felt that no one of a number of public men who were mentioned in connection with the Secretarieship was elevated to the control of this great office. It is an office that no second-rate man should ever be called to fill. The responsibilities of the position in times of peace are vast, but in times of war they are simply enormous. Moreover, the business of the Treasury Department has expanded so prodigiously in recent years that it involves more work within itself than belonged to all the Departments of the Government combined in the beginning of our history.

About Mr. Manning's equipment and natural fitness for this high position, there fortunately exists no difference of opinion. This favorable estimate is based chiefly on three qualities or characteristics exhibited during the brief period he has been in office. First, on the soundness of his principles—his views upon finance, the tariff and all intricate customs questions being in accord with those of the most enlightened thinkers and best trained practical men of the day. He has exhibited, secondly, an independence in expressing himself upon the silver problem and upon other debatable questions, that demonstrates that he is seeking after the truth rather than after present applause. It is the bold man who wins, and one who dares to do right in the face of popular opposition will always win and retain the good opinion of those whose good opinion is to be most valued. Thirdly, the Secretary has shown adaptability in a new position, and administrative ability of a very high order. He has not only grasped the situation, but mastered the complex duties of the Department of Finance. For these reasons, we say, he resumes his high place in the Government with the public confidence in his abilities already established. The only misgivings that exist are in regard to his health and his physical ability to endure a severe and prolonged strain. We can only counsel him to husband his physical and mental resources, confining himself to the larger questions that belong to his Department. All details should be left to his subordinates. Mr. Folger tried to run every division and bureau of the Treasury—and failed.

## THE KNIGHTS AT RICHMOND.

**T**HE best work of the Knights of Labor Convention, last week, was the re-election of Mr. Powderly as General Master Workman. It is assurance that for another year at least the organization will be managed, so far as his influence prevails, with a view to its permanent welfare and for the real interests of labor. The confidence which is generally felt in Mr. Powderly's honesty of purpose and wisdom of plan seems to us to be justified by his course up to the present time. He has made concessions, he has waived in some cases his personal ideas of expediency or principle, and thus he has undoubtedly disappointed many people who have a high ideal of the mission of the great Order in which he is the most conspicuous figure. But in the main Mr. Powderly's policy has been consistent. To say that he has sometimes bent to necessity, rather than allow himself to be broken, means only that he has done what has to be done by every politician who aims at great results by practical means—means which take account of the elements of human character. Mr. Powderly is now engaged in politics of the largest sort.

There was some faction-squabbling at Richmond, as there was at Cleveland last Spring. This is natural. It cannot be avoided, nor is it desirable to escape it. If the Order grows at the present rate, in all probability another year will find the Knights divided into two distinct parties, with different policies and different leaders, and each contending for the control. It is the law of progress. An association of from a million to two million men acting together in perfect harmony as to matters of detail or as to the general principles of action would be an anomaly in history. There would be something suspicious and abnormal about it, something not in accord with American institutions. The friends of the Knights need not be alarmed at the development of factions or parties within the Order, even if differences of opinion

find rather vigorous expression in its councils. What they have to dread is secret intrigue—the possibility of the manipulation of the Order's strength for private ends by underhand and un-American methods. Open fighting is healthy.

The work of revising the Constitution in accordance with the general scheme of reform proposed at Cleveland is in progress at the present writing, and it bids fair to be satisfactory. Two important changes are proposed. One is the interposition between the District Assemblies and the General Assembly of a system of State Assemblies to exercise supreme authority in their respective jurisdictions. This is a nearer approach to the Federal system of government, and it will count for better discipline and direct responsibility than obtain under the rather loose scheme of subordination now in force. Even while the Knights are in convention strikes and boycotts are in progress in certain Districts in open violation of the principles of the Order, yet the relations of the District Assemblies with the central power are so indefinite that there seems to be no way of stopping the strikes or punishing their instigators. The other important change proposed abolishes the present system of Trade Assemblies, substituting so-called Trade Councils, with power to fix wages and make rules for their respective crafts, but powerless to order strikes or lockouts without the approval of the District Assembly immediately concerned. The Trade Council, unlike the present Trade Assembly, is not entitled to representation, as such, in the legislative assemblies of the Order. The object of the proposed change is to make membership in any trade union a subordinate thing to membership in the Knights of Labor, and thus to consolidate and strengthen the common cause of the workingmen.

All things considered, the Knights have reason to be satisfied with the situation. The vitality of the Order has been tested by a series of remarkable disasters. Nobody now regards it as a failure, or an experiment destined to come to a speedy end. The membership is three-quarters of a million, new local assemblies are being organized at the rate of three hundred a month, but the greatest and most important gain has been in the increased respect of the community, which wishes the Knights well.

## A TRIAL FOR HERESY.

**T**HE Andover Theological Seminary was founded in 1807 by the co-operation of the two wings or parties then composing the Congregational denomination of New England. The differences between these parties were chiefly of a metaphysical rather than a practical sort, each of them being highly orthodox on all the points supposed to be embraced in that designation. A hard-and-fast Calvinistic creed was made the basis of the institution, and the most careful measures were adopted to guard against its infraction by any teacher or professor. Each professor is required to sign this creed and enter into a solemn obligation or contract to teach nothing contrary to it. To make this assurance doubly sure, he is required to renew his signature at the end of every term of five years, and must forfeit his place if he refuses to do this. The Trustees appoint the professors, subject to a negative by three persons called a Board of Visitors, who are expected to exercise great vigilance in keeping out heretics.

For almost four-score years the Seminary, under these arrangements, has sailed on a smooth sea, and been highly successful. Its graduates are found in almost every evangelical denomination, and embrace among their number many of the most eminent theologians and preachers in the country. It has done as much as any other similar institution to promote theological learning and prepare young men for the ministry, and until a very recent period it has had the entire confidence of the denomination that founded it. The present faculty of instructors were all appointed under the strict and careful arrangements above referred to; they have all signed the iron creed, and all confess their obligation to teach nothing contrary to it. But, in spite of all this, five of their number—Messrs. Smyth, Tucker, Harris, Hincks and Gulliver—are openly charged with teaching doctrines subversive of the orthodox faith, and are shortly to be arraigned for trial before the Board of Visitors. The chief heresy with which they are charged is that of a probation after death for those who, during their lifetime, had not the offer of salvation through Christ. This doctrine is regarded by the accusers as fatal to the whole evangelical scheme; but the accused professors hold that it is not only sustained by Scripture, but is in no way inconsistent with the Andover creed.

Should the controversy be prosecuted it will be a battle of the giants. The accused professors are men of great learning, high character, and admitted piety; while their assailants, in all these particulars, are their peers. The battle, in fact, is between those who hold that theological truth is a fixed and already defined quantity, to which nothing new is to be added and from which nothing old is to be eliminated, and those who hold with Robinson, the father of Congregationalism in America, that Christians should be always on the watch for "new truth to break forth out of the word of God." Such a contest must stir the minds and hearts of the whole Christian community, and its result will be awaited with general interest.

There were no trials for heresy at Andover when Pro-

cessors Stuart and Emerson taught young theologians that slaveholding and slave-hunting were authorized by Scripture; but in the theological arena questions of political morality are sometimes held of little account. On such questions freedom of thought is held to be permissible, while theological inquiry and speculation can only take place within carefully prescribed boundaries. It is at least worthy of consideration whether the fast-and-loose method in morals, combined with great strictness as to doctrinal speculation, is not a mistake that calls for correction.

### THREE OR FOUR IRELANDS.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD quotes, in the introduction to his admirable work on Celtic Literature, a passage from an article in the *London Times* on a recent gathering of Welshmen at an Eisteddfod, to the effect that it would be wiser and more manly in the Welsh to give up their foolish fondness for their national language and customs, and make themselves Englishmen at once. "When I read this passage," says Mr. Arnold, "I said to myself, 'Here is England's difficulty with Ireland.'"

Mr. Arnold's own recent utterances on the question of Home Rule do not prove the soundness of his remark. The average Englishman is constitutionally incapable of respecting other men's sentiments, and his fixed conviction is that all the troubles of Ireland come from the mad determination of her people to be Irish, instead of English, as they ought to be; and many an Englishman, famous throughout the world for intelligence or for learning, stands in this matter on the low average level.

That the Irish people desire any one thing is reason enough for refusing that thing, and for offering something else. Right and logic and the national conscience of England cry out for the concession of Home Rule to Ireland; and the party in power in England closes its ears, and taxes its ingenuity to invent one scheme after another to defraud the Irish people and cheat them into a confession of their own incapacity. So much is to be feared from an Irish Parliament, in which Irish questions should be discussed by representatives of the whole Irish nation! How much better for English purposes to split up Ireland into three or four parts, each with its Parliament, entirely local and little, and jealous of its neighbors! In this way the Protestant and presumably perfect North would be gradually purged of any Irish patriotism, and become entirely English; while the two or three other divisions would naturally spend their time and their force in petty squabbles and ravings. It is a noble and a noteworthy scheme, this, to be put forward by the so-called Liberal allies of the Government in the

"Inviolable island of the sage and free."

Excellent as it is, it is not wholly new. It is, on the contrary, like many admirable devices of statesmanship, quite as old as the world of civilized man. "Divide and conquer" is a motto readily understood in all lands and tongues, and familiar enough to English rulers. It may at the same time be doubted whether the peculiar English flavor of hypocrisy was ever more plainly apparent in a proposition than it is in this. Constitutional England, which abhors despotism, would recognize the claim of Irishmen to self-government by giving them the right and the opportunity to talk, and taking from them the power of action. This may be statesmanship, but it is statesmanship of the Metternich type, not that of an imperial order. The Roman faced and beat down the proud, but England proposes to swindle those whom she cannot subdue.

### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE situation of affairs in Bulgaria is extremely critical. The overwhelming victory of the Government in the recent elections, coupled with the disastrous failure of the mission of General Kaulbars, has left Russia in a position of humiliation which she can only escape by a complete withdrawal or by armed intervention. The indications now are that she will pursue the latter course, and undertake the military occupation of the country. Whether, in this event, Austro-Hungary will interfere, as she recently threatened, or the other Powers will be drawn into the conflict, must be a matter of conjecture; but it is difficult to see how they can avoid an assertion of their authority against any real infraction of the Berlin Treaty. Of course, much will depend upon the action of England and Germany; if they sincerely desire peace, they can, by joint action, and with the aid of Austria, probably insure it for the present by a joint conference on the whole Balkan problem; but this would only postpone the inevitable, and it may be that matters will be permitted to take their course without any attempts from any quarter to control them. The Sobranje has been summoned to meet on the 27th inst., for the election of a successor to Prince Alexander.

The Tory-Unionist scheme for the establishment of three national councils in Ireland is almost universally condemned by the real friends of Home Rule. The Nationalists are unanimously against it, on the ground that it leaves out of consideration the greatest factor in the whole difficulty—the national sentiment of the Irish people—and would provincialize and disintegrate Irish public opinion. The plan seems to be fathered jointly by Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain. The statement that Lord Hartington has promised to support it is denied.

Affairs in Ireland are comparatively quiet. Many landlords are making generous reductions in rents, but a large number of writs of eviction continue to be served. The policy of boycotting all persons obnoxious to the National League continues to be vigorously enforced. In Scotland the Land Court constituted under the Crofters Act has entered upon its labors, and as many as one hundred persons have in a single day applied to it to fix their rents.

The new Spanish Ministry has a stronger Conservative element than the preceding Cabinet. It will endeavor to check the disaf-

fection in the Army, and will pursue a policy compatible with the gradual execution of the Liberal programme.

act, but it is an almost unprecedented step on the part of the Episcopal Church, and it marks a significant growth in the feeling in favor of the practical unity of all Christians of whatever name.

ONE of the most prominent women educators of the day has just died in Boston. Miss Lucretia P. Crocker devoted her life to promoting the cause of woman's education and to the supervision of the public schools in Boston, where for many years she served upon the Board of Supervisors. The value of her practical work had been attested again and again, and the eulogies which followed her death prove the beneficial influence which a woman can exert in educational labors.

UNIFORMITY in the details of railway-train management is the latest reform proposed by the railroad men of this country and Canada. At a convention of representatives of seventy-five railroads, held in New York last week, a new code of rules was agreed upon, which, if accepted by the various companies, will secure a uniform system of signals, whistles, and train rules generally, everywhere throughout the country, and greatly diminish the perplexities, and to some extent the perils which are incident to existing methods. Among the proposed regulations is one for the establishment of standard-time clocks at various railroad centers throughout the country by which railroad men may set their watches, and another giving trains of a superior grade absolute right of way over trains of an ordinary grade.

THERE is something very curious about the apparently semi-official rumors which followed the surrender of Geronimo. General Miles has now made his official report, from which it appears that Geronimo surrendered unconditionally as a prisoner of war. Yet we have constantly been hearing that the General disobeyed his orders and accepted conditions. Possibly General Howard labored under this impression when first reporting the surrender. At any rate the rumor seems to have obtained some degree of credence at Washington, and there was more or less wild talk of court-martials and reprimands. It is to be hoped, now that the truth is known, that General Miles will receive the credit due to the successful ending of a prolonged and harassing Indian warfare, and to the capture of the most formidable of the hostile Apaches.

THE Anarchist sympathizers in Chicago, who have been talking about "organizing for revenge," are likely to get themselves into trouble. A number of those who were concerned in an assault upon a witness against the Anarchists recently condemned have been arrested, and others who have indulged in seditious speeches at meetings held since the trial are to be brought before the Grand Jury and the courts to answer for their offense. The authorities seem to be fully alive to the necessity of maintaining the vigorous policy initiated at the time of the Haymarket massacre, evidently realizing that any cessation of vigilance, or letting down of the standard of efficiency, will only stimulate afresh the spirit of disorder and aggravate the evils already existing. A persistence in this robust policy may not entirely suppress, but it will certainly hold effectively in check, the more violent Anarchical class.

It is evident that the Democrats of the Fifth Congressional District of Kentucky do not believe in Civil Service Reform. They have just refused to renominate Representative Willis, who has been an earnest supporter of the reform policy, and have declared in favor of a candidate who, according to the *New York Sun*, "is a bitter enemy of that sham reform." It will be remembered that Mr. Willis was instrumental in securing the reappointment of Mrs. Thompson, an alleged Republican sympathizer, as Postmistress of Louisville, and although in doing so he had the backing of many of the leading business men of the city, the fact that he had not given his influence in favor of a partisan appointment was used against him to his serious disadvantage with the rank and file of the party. Of course his defeat has more than a mere local or personal significance; it is a direct rebuke to the President, whose policy he supported, and as such affords another evidence that the Democratic party has no real sympathy with the scheme for the elevation of the public service by the elimination of partisan passions and prejudices. But, spite of these outbreaks against it, the reform has come to stay, and it will grow in public confidence all the more certainly because of the character of the assaults to which it is exposed.

WHEN given a chance to do so American women prove themselves competent to take a hand successfully in active politics, just as women have proven themselves the power behind the throne in affairs of state ever since the world began. Miss Mattie Strickland, of Detroit, is the latest case in point. She is the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney of Clinton County, Mich., and is described as being "a woman of talent and shrewdness," a description amply warranted by her adroitness in engineering her candidate for Congress, John H. Fedewa, to a nomination in the Sixth District Fusion Convention, on the forty-fourth ballot. The session was a stormy one, but after she had astonished and captured the convention by an eloquent and masterly setting forth of the claims and qualifications of Mr. Fedewa, the result was a foregone conclusion, although only reached at daylight after an all-night's battle. She is receiving compliments and congratulations without number on her victory, the point and purpose of which is emphasized by the fact that the candidacy for Congress of Mr. Fedewa, the Prosecuting Attorney for Clinton County, leaves a clear field for Miss Strickland to be nominated and elected as his successor. This clever strategy, of the double-barreled sort, would do honor to the keenest professional politician in the country.

THERE is a growing sentiment among the membership of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country in favor of a closer Christian unity with other Protestant bodies than has heretofore existed. This sentiment found very emphatic expression at the sessions of the General Convention at Chicago, last week. The Council of Congregational Churches being in session in the same city, Rev. Phillips Brooks proposed, by resolution, that the Convention should send its Christian greetings to that body. A motion to lay the resolution on the table was at once made, and was promptly rejected. Objection was made to its passage by some on the ground that the Congregationalists had no standard of belief, and by the others that not having the apostolic succession, Episcopalians could not recognize them as a Church. But several of the ablest and most influential High Churchmen declared that the Congregational Churches accepted the faith of the universal Church; and that since Episcopalians pretended to desire Christian unity, it was time that they showed by their acts what they meant by what they said. The outcome of the discussion was the adoption of the resolution substantially as proposed, by an overwhelming vote. Very naturally the result has been hailed with great satisfaction by the friends of Christian unity. The sending of courteous greetings from one religious body to another seems an altogether natural

THE refusal of Minister Phelps to present Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice at the British Court, because the latter had attacked Secretary Bayard in the *North American Review*, has provoked very general criticism. Had the Minister merely refused the introduction at Court without assigning any reason, as he could have done without a breach of diplomatic etiquette, his action, however disconcerting to a countryman, would have attracted little attention; but when he gives the reason named for the refusal, it is tantamount to a declaration that he does not represent the United States, but a political party, and that he is a partisan even at the Court of St. James. Seemingly the Prince of Wales does not regard the attack upon the Secretary of State so seriously as Minister Phelps does, and the latter, in stating that the Prince would refuse to receive Mr. Rice, lays himself liable to the charge of disingenuousness, to say the least. It would have been much more honorable for Mr. Phelps to refuse pointblank than to beat about the bush in the manner he did. In his capacity as representative of the United States, he has nothing to do with party prejudices or preferences. It is true that it should not be much of a deprivation to a good republican to lose a chance of being presented at Court, but this consideration does not render Mr. Phelps's action any the less obnoxious. Mr. Rice, however, was not deprived of the pleasure of basking in the smiles of royalty, as he says that when the grounds for the refusal to present him became known in London he received two invitations from the Prince and Princess of Wales, one being to meet the Queen.

THE Italian population in this country is growing every year, and as they increase in numbers, the sons of the sunny South rise also in the estimation of their fellow-citizens on this side of the Atlantic. There is scarcely any city of any size in the United States in which the Italian-born portion of the population cannot be numbered by hundreds, and in some cases by thousands. They are more numerous in New York city, which, with the City of Buenos Ayres, seems to be the favorite point with Italians seeking homes on this continent. What was formerly the bad feature of Italian immigration, the contract-labor importation, has almost disappeared, and this is largely due to the fact that the Italians on this side of the Atlantic have stoutly opposed the policy, and have prevailed on the Government of the Peninsula to exercise all due care in preventing the emigration of contract labor. The increase in wealth of the Italian population in this country has been more than proportionate to their increase in numbers. They are more respected now because they have shown themselves good citizens, thrifty, hard-working and economical. They never resort to public charity, and are, individually, quite able to take care of themselves. Conscious of the benefits to be derived from associations, they have organized several societies of their own, and are glad to show that they are united when the occasion presents itself. Of this they gave a proof on the occasion of the transfer to Italy of the bones of the patriot Maroncelli; on the anniversary of the last act of the Italian epoch, the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome; and also on the anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, their countryman.

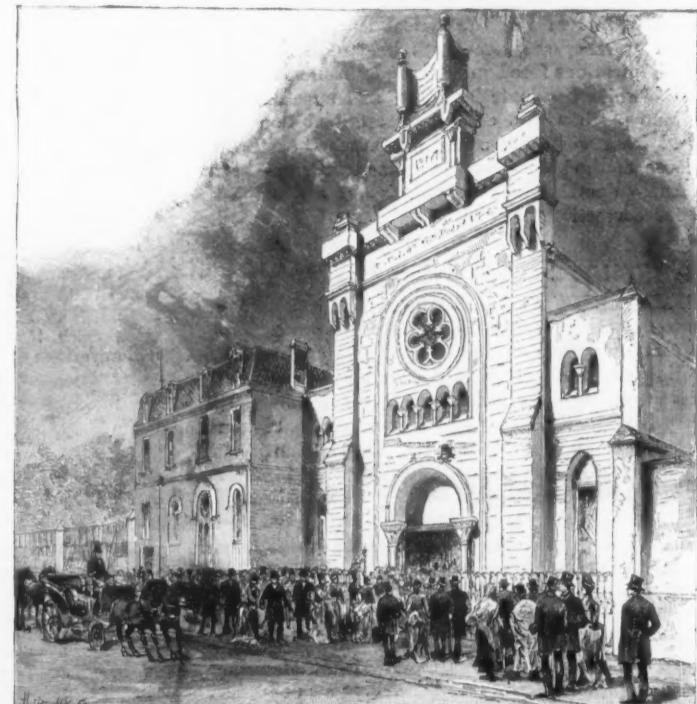
COMMISSIONER SPARKS of the General Land Office has been compelled to face a formidable array of "land-sharks," and to solve many intricate problems. He has probably made some mistakes, but he has done nothing indicative of dishonest intentions. The bitter attacks which have been made upon him have evidently been inspired by interested motives, and considering the bold encroachments upon the public domain of railroad corporations, cattle companies and lumbermen, it is not strange that an attempt at reform has aroused malignant opposition. Nevertheless it appears that much has been accomplished in the way of genuine and much-needed reform. In his recent report Commissioner Sparks says: "Four thousand and seventeen cases were referred for examination, and 8,073 were investigated and reported; 3,227 cases have been acted upon in this office during the year; 1,168 entries have been finally cancelled, embracing about 175,000 acres misappropriated by fraudulent entries, which have thus been restored to settlement; 1,485 cases, involving 225,000 acres, have been held for cancellation." Furthermore he says that: "Three hundred and seventy-five unlawful inclosures, containing an area of 6,410,000 acres, have been brought to my attention up to the present time. . . The total area over which fences have been or are being removed is 2,714,926 acres, mostly in Colorado." The report continues: "Twelve hundred and nineteen cases of timber depredations have been reported, involving a value in timber and timber products amounting to \$9,338,679 recoverable to the United States." These few references to the work of the Department have a far more satisfactory ring than the regulation party plank pledging the preservation of the public domain for actual settlers. It is performance, rather than promises, that the people want, and Commissioner Sparks evidently means that old pledges to the people shall be honestly fulfilled.

AMONG the curiosities of post-mortem literature concerning prominent men of the present generation, are the revelations of plots which had been directed against their lives. Recently this feature has been made interesting by the statement of General Adam Badeau that to his personal knowledge two attempts were made to kill General Grant—one in North Carolina, and the other by the wrecking of a special train on which the General was riding in Indiana. Following the death of John Kelly, the public was told how, on a certain occasion, during a great political excitement, men were hired to "do for" the Tammany chieftain, and that he only saved himself by an adroit and wholly disconcerting act of courtesy to his intending assailants. With great particularity of detail, also, newspaper-readers have been informed of a scheme which had been concocted for seizing William H. Vanderbilt, and spiriting him away, by a party of adventurers, partly to influence the stock market, but mainly for the exaction of a princely ransom of \$1,500,000—although why not \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000, instead of the more modest figure, we are left in ignorance to conjecture. Fortunately for Grant and Kelly and Vanderbilt, these stories simply tell us of plots that miscarried; but a statement, since denied, relating to the death of the brilliant lawyer and eloquent political speaker, Emory A. Storrs, is of a far more serious nature. This declaration was to the effect that he was killed at Ottawa, Ill., by the introduction of digitalis into the liquor he drank, his removal having been effected by the tools of a dangerous political gang, as a matter of self-protection. Although there is little or no ground for giving credence to this startling *exposé*, to the thoughtful it emphasizes the dangers that surround eminent men who have incurred the hatred or aroused the fear of the desperate and unprincipled classes, and suggests the question, Who of our leading statesmen, who were supposed to die natural deaths, may have been the victims of successfully executed and so far successfully concealed plots?

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 151.



RUSSIA.—GEOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM AT IRKUTSK, SIBERIA.



FRANCE.—DEDICATION OF THE NEW SYNAGOGUE AT VERSAILLES.



BULGARIA.—GENERAL KAULBARS, RUSSIAN DIPLOMATIC AGENT.



FRANCE.—PROCESSION OF THE ROLLS, AT THE DEDICATION OF THE SYNAGOGUE AT VERSAILLES.



GERMANY.—EMPEROR WILLIAM AT STRASBURG.



BULGARIA.—M. RADOSLAVOF, PRESIDENT OF THE MINISTERIAL COUNCIL.

## LIBERTY'S LIGHT IN THE SKY.

**A**N artist of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has climbed, amidst falling bolts, and clouds of smoke and dust, to the rayed diadem which encircles the head of the now perfect statue of Liberty, on that green islet in the Bay which seems to have been planted there expressly to serve as her pedestal. The mechanical details of the figure, as well as its colossal proportions, are clearly indicated in the sketch. A light, yet stanch, framework of iron, with braces and supports innumerable, forms the skeleton, upon which are riveted the thin metal plates which form the outwardly visible portions of the noble figure.

liberty to be enjoyed in this land. At the foot of the statue four or eight lights of 6,000 candle-power each will be distributed. Their light will be reflected upon the statue, and will illuminate it brightly. All these arc lamps will be invisible themselves, so that the objections raised by the river pilots against the blinding effects of the light will be entirely removed. Besides the arc lights all around the statue, the diadem upon the head of the figure of Liberty will contain incandescent lamps, to give the effect of jewels. The whole plan is an excellent one, and will make the statue even more imposing at night than in the daytime.

signal to Bedloe's Island, and occupy the positions assigned them. As the area and wharfage of the island will permit the landing of only a small number of those who may wish to participate in the ceremonies, none but the leading steamers will touch at the wharf, while the others will be given positions from which a good view may be obtained. The ceremonies at the statue's base will be concluded near sunset. A salute from all the batteries will mark the conclusion of the ceremonies. While it is being given, the spectators on the island will re-embark, and then the vessels will return. The illumination of the statue will be the final feature of the programme.

joyable one, but on the date mentioned the ship encountered a heavy head sea and strong breezes. She pitched violently, and it was to the unequal strain upon the machinery that the accident is attributed. The main shaft broke off transversely, close to the engine, snapping as sharply as one would break a pipestem. It happened about 560 miles off the east coast of Newfoundland.

There were on board 450 passengers, all told. As soon as the accident occurred, sail was got on the vessel and her headway was maintained, and the chief engineer and his staff set to work at once to effect such repairs to the shaft as would enable the ship to be worked slowly under steam.



THE DISABLED STEAMSHIP "ANCHORIA."—THE LIFEBOAT LEAVING THE VESSEL IN SEARCH OF RELIEF.

The glory of the statue at night will be the uplifted torch, 300 feet above the water, and the jeweled diadem. The important question of lighting has finally been settled by the committee, and preparations are already in progress on the island for the reception of the electrical plant. The torch of the statue will contain eight lamps of 6,000 candle-power each, the light from which will be thrown directly outward and upward. The lamps will be placed *inside* the sculptured flame of the torch, their light shining out through a circular band of glass. It will be the first ray to cheer the mariner approaching our shores, and will thus, afar off, be symbolic of the light and

The American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, in conjunction with Major-general Schofield, has made known the official programme of the dedication ceremonies, which will occur on Thursday, the 28th instant, and will be in some sense international in their character and significance. There will be, as the first feature of the day, a military, naval and civic parade, which promises to be one of the grandest ever seen in New York city. The march will terminate at the Battery and at other piers in the lower part of the city, where steamers will be taken for Bedloe's Island. The steamers, preceded by such ships-of-war as may be present, will move at a given

THE "ANCHORIA'S" LONG DRIFT.  
THE steamship *Anchoria*, of the Anchor Line, had been almost given up for lost; but she arrived safely in the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, on the morning of the 11th inst. Most of her passengers were at once sent on to New York; but the vessel remained to have her broken shaft repaired, so that she might come on to this city under her own steam.

The *Anchoria* left Glasgow for New York on September 16th, and called at Mowille, which port she left the next day. The passage up to the day of the accident—September 22d—was a fairly en-

joyable one, but on the date mentioned the ship encountered a heavy head sea and strong breezes. She pitched violently, and it was to the unequal strain upon the machinery that the accident is attributed. The main shaft broke off transversely, close to the engine, snapping as sharply as one would break a pipestem. It happened about 560 miles off the east coast of Newfoundland.

There were on board 450 passengers, all told. As soon as the accident occurred, sail was got on the vessel and her headway was maintained, and the chief engineer and his staff set to work at once to effect such repairs to the shaft as would enable the ship to be worked slowly under steam.

After the temporary repairs had been effected,

the vessel made fairly good time till midnight on Thursday, October 7th, when the engines stopped suddenly. At ten o'clock on Friday the engines were again started, but after making only fifteen revolutions the shaft broke again, this time beyond all prospect of being repaired. Meantime, it had been deemed necessary to place all hands on food allowance, but the rations were liberal and nourishing enough to satisfy every one until the last day, when some had to leave the table hungry. At 11 A.M., on Friday, the 8th inst., the ship being seventy-seven miles southeast of St. Johns, a life-boat was equipped, and the chief officer, boatswain, and six men, volunteered to man her and try to reach land. The boat's crew manfully took their places and were lowered away. They took on board a quantity of biscuit in tins and two casks of water. The sight of the brave fellows as the boat put from the ship's side affected many to tears, and amidst silent prayers they pulled from the ship, with no land in sight, and destined, perhaps, never to reach it. The first officer was instructed by the captain to secure the services of a steamer if the boat reached St. Johns. On Friday the ship made but little headway, and the expected steamer did not come to her assistance on that day nor during the following night. On Saturday at noon, however, the glad cry of "Land!" ran through the ship. Another volunteer crew was quickly enlisted, consisting this time wholly of passengers, who pulled towards the shore. It subsequently transpired that the first boat landed in St. Johns at 2 P.M. the day before, and the second boat reached Pouch Cove, a settlement near Cape St. Francis, twenty miles north of St. Johns, at 4 P.M. Vessels were at once sent in search of the *Anchoria*, and about midnight she was taken in tow.

### A CHOIR-SINGER.

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

HERE are two sides to every question, as the best of reason demonstrates: but Marie Pirot, try as she might, could find only one side to the question of her engagement to Sydney Worth; and that, unfortunately for the lover, was the negative side.

Sydney, on his part, being a man, was logical enough to take in all the bearings of the case, and yet heroic enough to await Marie's decision with a courage worthy of a cause more sublime than the yes or no of a brown-eyed girl. In this trembling balance, however, was hung his hope of all earthly happiness, while he smoked his cigar and talked and walked about the world as usual.

"Take a week, only a week, for calm consideration," he had begged her, and then proceeded to enhance her calmness by daily letters of urgent pleading. His eagerness harassed and worried Marie into a state almost of resentment, and took from her much of the responsibility of her final action. It gave her something to fight against, and armed her with necessary firmness. Whereas, if he had thrown himself completely and helplessly on her mercy, she would have found it doubly hard to wring his heart by her decided refusal; but she would have wrung it, all the same.

When her letter came at last, poor Sydney kissed the dagger before he received its stab—that is, he kissed her handwriting, and then very likely a few moments later dropped a tear or two in the same spot. But the letter was folded and put away, as such letters and such poor broken hopes are being folded and put away all over the world today and every day, and Sydney went about his business astonished and miserable at the heavy weight of his disappointment. His life staggered under it, but did not stop; and he vaguely felt, through all his suffering, that time would bring him again the old firm step and lightsome strength, but never the old gayety and freshness of heart. Love's rose had grown for him and burst into bloom, and its petals were scattered—no power could make it again a perfect flower. All the rest of the things in the world remained, certainly, but they seemed to have very little use or value for him now, and he wondered how the days and years could go on without the impetus of his lost hope and aspiration. But the days and years did go on; Sydney sat at his desk and made money, and Marie sang in her church and gave music-lessons, losing her youthful beauty somewhat, but gaining always in grace and attractiveness. She and Sydney met occasionally as friends, and his eyes still told the same old story that was now forbidden of all other expression. As for Miss Pirot, she met the usual experience that falls to the lot of talented and gracious woman. She had hosts of male friends, quite an array of admirers, and always one or two ardent lovers who were much in the same case as Sydney himself—for it would seem even to the most interested observers that Miss Pirot's being, musical and harmonious as it was, had never yet responded to the master-chord of all—the chord of Love!

But at last, when the keynote of Marie's destiny was struck, and its flood of melody came pouring into her life like an overwhelming tide, neither the alto on one side of her, nor the bass on the other, nor even the organist, Lucy Crumm, who was her bosom friend, guessed that anything unusual had happened.

It came about in this very commonplace way: Old Brandt, the regular tenor, was absent, for the first time in seven years, for the Tuesday-night rehearsal. The choir had assembled, and stood about, waiting and wondering, and conferring on Mr. Brandt a position apart from all other tenors on record by their genuine surprise at his delinquency, when there came suddenly up the choir-staircase a tall and slim young man, very fair, with plenty of flowing blonde hair that hung in student fashion on his broad white collar. He spoke with a foreign accent, in a high musical voice, addressing Miss Pirot, who happened to be nearest to him, as he approached the organ:

"Mr. Brandt has sent me to sing—he is too much ill for this night, and also for Sunday, he thinks. But if it is pleasing, I sing his part for all."

Miss Pirot only bowed and smiled, but did not speak. There was good reason for her silence.

She had fallen in love with this young man, of whose existence she had been aware three seconds! It is not to be wondered at that, in the confusion of her senses, she had also, for the moment, mislaid her voice.

"So very glad," said Lucy Crumm, all animation, and reassured on the score of the quartet; "but so very sorry to hear Mr. Brandt is ill. Nothing serious, I hope? We were just wondering how we should manage. You read, I suppose? Mr. Aiken, will you please hand—thanks. We intended to rehearse this quartet. All along here is Mr. Brandt's part—the tenor's; the bass comes in next below; but, of course, you understand?"

"Oh, yes—yes!"

He was already humming through the bars of the music she had placed in his hand, like one sure of his ground.

"Miss Pirot!"

Miss Pirot started visibly, then walked over quickly to her place, with a heightened color. When had she ever before needed a summons to duty? No one appeared to notice her embarrassment, for all eyes were now fixed on the open books, and Miss Crumm's strong fingers were pressing the keys.

"Of course I shall be glad when dear old Brandt is well enough to come back again, but I shall awfully hate to lose What's-his name," Miss Crumm was observing, leaning on Miss Pirot's arm, as they came down the choir-steps one lovely Sunday morning, having sung themselves into heaven for a while on Haydn's exquisite strains. "Wayzel—Wetzel? how do you pronounce it? His first name is Gustave—isn't it pretty? and such a voice! Dear me, I grudge to let him go! Don't you?"

"Yes."

"Do you know, I think he has rather a struggle to get along. Musicians usually have; but, then, being a single man, he ought to be able to manage."

"Are you sure he is a single man?" Miss Pirot asked, in an airy tone.

"Oh, yes. At least, of course, I did not ask him pointblank, but I said to him, jokingly, that if he intended to advance in music, it was lucky he had no wife to hold him back; and he said, 'Yes, it was lucky.' Oh, he must be single; but, then, he is very young. He is only twenty-four."

Marie sighed, but said nothing. She was twenty-eight, with a heart that had just learned to throb like the heart of eighteen.

The scale of fortune, we are told, is often turned by a feather, and this proposition was very forcibly demonstrated for Marie Pirot, one windy Autumn evening, not long afterwards, as the little choir-group came into the street together. She was walking with Lucy Crumm, as usual, and behind them, arm-in-arm, came the bass and tenor (Miss Roberts, the alto, had said good-night and gone off in the opposite direction with her little brother); Miss Pirot was listening with her ears to the voice beside her, and with her soul to the voice behind her, when suddenly away on the wings of the wind went her long brown feather, wrenched from its fastenings on her jaunty hat; away and away, careering and whirling out of sight like a living creature that had found all at once the freedom of its wings. Marie uttered a little half-laughing cry, and started on the chase; but the tenor darted by her like a flash, and soon distanced her, as the feather distanced him. Marie did not slacken her pace, however, and as a result, when the feather at last was captured, they found themselves face to face, laughing, breathless, under a street-lamp, and more than a block ahead of Mr. Aiken and Miss Crumm. What more natural than that they should walk on together, slowly, or that Mr. Wetzel, seeing her out of breath from her late exercise, should offer her his arm? There seemed no valid reason why they should dissolve this pleasant companionship when the other two caught up with them; and from this time, instead of putting the ladies in the street-car at Twenty-third Street, Mr. Aiken walked with Miss Crumm to her home in Twenty-fifth Street, and Mr. Wetzel walked all the way across town with Marie Pirot.

It was a wretched night; the rain fell in torrents, a chilly wind was blowing, the streets were wet and dismal, and Marie Pirot was walking under an umbrella with Gustave Wetzel and clinging fondly to his arm. The rain was blinding her somewhat, but her tears were blinding her still more—furtive, bitter tears, such as women often weep, unknown to all the world. The crowded street-cars passed them every minute or two, but Marie had refused to ride. This was the last time they would ever walk together—the last of many, many times. She could not afford to shorten these few sad moments of parting and farewell. He had come to the choir that evening only to tell them that he had been suddenly called back to Germany and must sail in the morning; but he had staid and sang over with Marie some of the old duets, and now they were walking home together, slowly, through all the storm, by the way they had learned to know so well.

At first few words were spoken between them. Marie felt only the thrills of unreasoning love, the delight of contact, the bliss of this dual solitude encircled by rain and storm and darkness. To her it mattered little what they said or where they went, so that they were together; and tomorrow was pushed as far from her horizon as if it were twenty years away. But all the truth came back to her like a shock when Gustave's voice said, gently:

"I must thank you, Miss Pirot, for the kindness you have given to me always—to me, a stranger: all these pleasant walks, and our music, together. I shall often think of your lovely voice when I am far away."

"We have indeed had pleasant times," she answered, bravely and clearly, after a moment's

pause. "But why need you go if you have been—happy—here? Ah, you—you have not many regrets. You are glad, I think?"

"Indeed I am glad," and glad his face looked—excited and eager. "It is a grand opportunity now that offers. You can understand, if one has been planning long, and waiting, that one might be glad to see fulfillment near!"

"Yes," said Marie. That one word only, and in her voice was the huskiness that comes with tears.

"Ah, well, I see my way now clear," he continued, gayly and brightly. All unconscious of the mute tragedy that went on beside him, he poured out the story of his disappointments in the past—of his plans and visions for the future. Marie listened silently. It seemed each moment that the tide of her emotion must burst all bonds and carry with it the fine reserve of her nature, its womanly dignity and pride. She called up all her strength at last, in a desperate effort.

"I must leave you here," she said, stopping suddenly at the corner of Fourth Avenue. "I—I have some business to do—I will say good-night and good-by. I hope you may have a pleasant journey."

"But surely not! I cannot leave you in this storm. Let me escort you where you wish to go—so dark, and such a rain!"

"I have my own umbrella here." She raised it as she spoke. "Thank you very, very much, but I prefer to go alone. And you know," smiling strangely at him, "I shall have to do without your escort altogether after this. You have been most kind—" She broke off suddenly, and busied herself with the fastening of her cloak, then held out her hand. "Good-by," she said, abruptly.

"Good-by, Miss Pirot, if it must be so—if you wish it."

"Oh, yes. Partings, I think, should never be prolonged. I hope you will have a good voyage. I hope you will be always happy. Good-by, Gustave."

"Auf wiedersehen, auf wiedersehen, my beautiful, kind friend. I will write to you from the other side, and some day we surely will meet again. Do not forget me in the time between!"

But Marie had wrenched her hand from his and was gone, a dark, hurrying shape, down the lighted, rain-swept street.

"Marie!"

Sydney Worth had come out of the opera after the second act, and having buttoned his long rubber coat to the chin, was scudding up Fourteenth Street in an element-defying humor, when this word burst from his lips, in a tone of amazement. Marie Pirot had just passed him on the crossing at Fourth Avenue; a sudden backward tilt of her umbrella had shown him her face plainly, pale and strange, with that absorbed, unseeing look that mental suffering gives. Her swift step faltered an instant at the sound of his voice, and in that instant he was by her side.

"I knew I could not be mistaken," he said, breathlessly; "but you, of all people, and at this hour! What in the world brings you into this region?"

He is holding her hand in his warm, friendly clasp, and looking down searchingly at her half-averted face.

"Oh, I was walking away from the furies," she said, trying to speak lightly; "but they have come with me. I think I really did not know where I was going. I only wanted to walk. Did you ever have that feeling, Sydney, that you were too unhappy to be quiet?"

"She asks me if I have ever had that feeling! Ah, Marie, there are few feelings, born of unhappiness, that I have not had. You ought to know that, my dear."

"But—but they pass away some time, don't they?" she asked, wistfully. "People can't go on suffering—some change, some relief, must come."

"I don't know," he answered, with a long sigh. "Perhaps. I have not found it yet."

"Oh, Sydney," she said, passionately, with a wild burst of tears. "Sydney, Sydney!" She laid her cheek on his shoulder, sobbing like a child.

But by this time they had passed from the glare of Fourteenth Street, and were facing up-town again. He had taken the umbrella from her hand, and held its shelter between them and passers-by. Sydney's knowledge of suffering had made him very tender towards the pain of others. He allowed his companion to weep unquestioned, patting gently from time to time the little quivering fingers that clutched his arm.

"How good you are!" she stammered, whisperingly, at length. "Oh, Sydney! how could you forgive me—how could you ever look at me again, if I have made you suffer—like this? I never knew it could be so terrible! I did not dream of what you felt when we parted; you were so noble and so good. You never made me understand how cruel—cruel—cruel! Oh, and you bore it all! I can pity you now!"

"Yes, dear?" he said, tenderly. "I am glad to hear you say that. I am glad you have, at last, some pity to give me."

"Oh, but you do not need any more. Surely you can't care still as you used to—"

"Oh, hush!" Sydney interrupted, very gently. "Hush, my dear! hush, Marie! You have never understood my love if you think it could change or pass away in a few months or years."

"And you do love me this minute—now—as you did then?"

"Always—always!"

"But if I should tell you that I had thrown my heart away, unasked, unsought—oh, so hopelessly and vainly! and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, not soon, but some time, when I am a better and a happier woman?'—if I should ask you to accept the poor service of my life and let me try to love you—would that atone a little for the pain and trouble of the past?"

"Oh, Marie, you do not mean it?" His grasp tightened on her fingers. "Do you think what you are saying?"

"Yes, yes, yes!—if you will take my poor half-broken heart—But not yet!" she checked herself, piteously. "I could not love you yet—by-and-by it all may come right. And, meanwhile, if you wish it, we can be engaged. You must stay near me, Sydney, and be good to me. Oh, help me!—help me to live. You know how hard it is—how impossible it seems that joy or hope can ever come again!"

"You have given joy and hope to me, I know," he said, in a low, happy voice. "I am willing to wait for love—as long as ever you like, darling, for it is sure to come!"

"But think—oh, Fate is strange!—think, if I had not met you!" Marie leaned more closely on his arm.

"Fate knows what she is about," Sydney answered, smiling down at the earnest, pale face. "You were obliged to meet me. Under the circumstances nothing else could have happened."

Fate did know what she was about, as she usually does, if minds finite could but compass her infinite plans. A few days later brought to Sydney Worth the unexpected fulfillment of a hope that he had patiently placed a long way off in the future—the full bestowal of Marie Pirot's love.

They were driving through the Park in a brilliant October sunset, and Sydney had been talking brightly of various matters of interest, when he threw his head back with a short laugh, and said, in a kind of triumphant tone:

"Well, I was pleased to-day, Marie. You remember that fellow I told you of that had defrauded from our office with a lot of money last week?"

"No," said Marie, vaguely. "Did you tell me?"

"Come to think of it, I didn't," said Sydney, smiling. "That's so. I was afraid it might annoy you. Well, it's all right now. They've got him—at least, not him, for he gave them the slip at the last moment; but the money's safe. He took away seven thousand dollars, and we've recovered all but three hundred; that he spent. I tell you we've been lucky, and so has he. It's a curious thing," pursued Sydney, thoughtfully; "but—I'm awfully glad the scamp escaped."

"Glad?" repeated Marie, solemnly. "Oh, why? He will be sure to victimize other poor people."

"Other rich people," said Sydney, correctingly.

"Of course he will, for it turns out that he is a regular confidence man; but you've no idea how much I liked him. We all did. He came to us about six months ago, and said he had just arrived in the country, and was quite friendless. Well, the firm took him on trust, actually. He had gotten himself up like a German student—long hair and broken English, and he had the loveliest tenor voice! Old Bond was fairly infatuated with this paragon. It was Wetzel here and Wetzel there!"

"What?" Marie grasped Sydney's arm with both her hands.

"My dear girl!" He reined in the horse, and looked down at her white face in amazement. "What is the matter?"

"Wetzel was his name?—and he went away?—when?—when?" she demanded, hurriedly.

"Wetzel was the name he gave. His real name is Wallace, I believe. He went away last Wednesday morning—the day after I met you in the rain."

"That—was—the—man!" she said, in a low, breathless voice. She unclasped her hands from Sydney's arm, and pressed them over her face.

"The man? What man?" Sydney stared quite wildly as he asked the question.

"Oh, the hero of my romance!" said Marie, slowly and bitterly—"the singer I fell in love with. You did not want to know my secret; you must know it now! That was the man!"

"Who?—young Wetzel? Why, where on earth, how on earth, did you come to be acquainted with him?"

"He sang with me for nearly three months in the choir."

"Oh, I see! And you fell in love with his voice—no wonder!"

"I didn't!" she said, miserably; "there might have been some excuse for that. I had never heard his voice when—when I fell in love—ah, not with him!—with a dream, a fancy! Could I have borne to look on his face, even, much less love him, if I had known what I know now?"

The settlement grew and prospered, the Frenchmen intermarrying freely with the aborigines; and Detroit remained a French town until 1763, when it went the way of Quebec, and became the Western stronghold of the British. The Pontiac War followed, the Indians were driven back into the wilds, and the British impressed themselves strongly upon Detroit, which had become a vast and rich emporium of the trade in furs. When, after the Revolution, and the Peace of 1783, it was transferred to the United States, it had already more of a history than most American towns; and the influence of the Indian, French and English elements may be distinctly and separately traced amidst the broad, rushing current of American enterprise to-day.

The site of Detroit is a wonderfully favored one, as regards natural beauty and commercial facilities. It is on the west side of the Detroit River, or Strait, opposite Windsor (Canada), seven miles below Lake St. Clair, and eighteen miles above Lake Erie. The town is built on a rising terrace, overlooking the river, which is here about half a mile wide, deep, and a clear green in color. It makes a superb port of entry, and its lake commerce is enormous—no less than 6,000 steam and sailing vessels coming and going in a season. It is also the centre of an extensive railroad system, seven great lines and a number of minor ones converging here. As the principal direct route from Detroit to New York lies through Canada, there are custom-house officers to be encountered at both Detroit and Windsor, across the river. Smugglers doubtless find the arrangements very awkward, but ordinary passengers are not much bothered, their baggage being stamped "through" after one examination at the start.

Architecturally, Detroit is substantial and elegant, without presenting any particularly striking features. The City Hall, the Central Market, and the Public Library, are the chief public buildings. There are some pretty churches, a massive Music Hall (White's Theatre), and many fine business blocks; while Woodward and Jefferson Avenues, West Fort Street, Cass and Second Avenues, display many typical private residences of the first class. The City Hall, on Woodward Avenue, is a stately structure of sandstone, with a cupola nearly 200 feet above the pavement. Griswold Street, the financial centre or Wall Street of Detroit, is lined from Jefferson Avenue to State Street with banks, offices of lawyers, capitalists, insurance companies, real-estate dealers, Government agencies, restaurants, etc., and presents a very bustling appearance.

The streets of Detroit are mostly wide, handsome, and well shaded with trees; while the number and extent of the public parks are notable. The principal of these within the city limits are Grand Circus and Cass Parks. The former has two beautiful fountains, and plenty of noble trees, smooth lawns and well-kept walks.

The city is supplied with water from the volume of the "sweet-water seas," passing through the Detroit River. The pumping-works, completed in 1877, are four miles from the City Hall, opposite the head of Belle Isle Park. The surroundings are very attractive. The engine-house and the keeper's residence are neat brick buildings, and a handsome brick tower incloses the stand-pipe.

The waters about Detroit, particularly the St. Clair Flats, afford famous fishing-grounds. The artificial propagation of fish is also carried on in the city, as is shown by our pictures of the Whitefish Hatchery on Joseph Campau Avenue and Lafayette Street.

Our illustrations give a very good idea of the outward aspect of Michigan's principal city. The statistics of her commerce, her tanneries and pork-packing establishments, manufactories of railway-cars, ships, iron bridges, locomotives, machinery, tobacco, woodenwares, lumber, bakeshops, etc., furnish eloquent testimony as to her prosperity and wealth. Detroit has to-day, with her suburbs, a population of 200,000, and, like others of our American cities, a future greater than her past.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE NEW ISRAELITE TEMPLE AT VERSAILLES.

During the last week of September, the new Jewish synagogue, built by Madame Furtado Heine, was dedicated at Versailles with solemn ceremonies. The structure is a monumental one, consisting of a grand nave, in the Roman style, preceded by an imposing portal. M. Zadoc Kahn, Grand Rabbi of Paris, eulogized the benevolent patronage of the new temple, whose many charitable works are known throughout the French capital. The rabbi of the Versailles synagogue is M. Cherberville. One of our pictures gives an exterior view of the edifice; another shows the ceremonial procession of the Rolls of the Law.

##### THE IRKUTSK MUSEUM.

The museum of the Russian Geographical Society in the City of Irkutsk is one of the finest buildings in Siberia. General Anutchin, Governor-general of Eastern Siberia, collected over 50,000 roubles (\$25,000) for its construction. The corner-stone was laid in September, 1882, and the museum was opened in October, 1883. The architectural style of the building is Mauresque, and the exterior is richly ornamented with colored bricks and sandstone. It was designed by Baron Rosen. Under the cornice around the building runs a kind of frieze of marble tablets, bearing the names of scientists who have made Siberia the field of their researches. The museum contains a collection of Siberian minerals, plants, birds, animals, life-casts of natives, etc. There is also a library of 10,000 volumes. The museum stands on the banks of the Angara River, in the best quarter of the City of Irkutsk.

##### EMPEROR WILLIAM AT STRASBURG.

The soldier Emperor of Germany, in the ninetieth year of his age and the twenty-fifth of his reign, is apparently as sturdy and as popular as ever. He keeps himself before his people, and has just returned from a visit to Alsace-Lorraine, which is being Germanized as rapidly and effectually as may be. Our engraving shows the festivities in his honor at Strasburg, where the apprentices of the city and the country people of the surrounding villages organized in a quaint procession, and passed in review before the Kaiser at the *Stathaltpalais*.

##### GENERAL KAULBARS AND THE BULGARIANS.

We give an interesting portrait of General Kaulbars, the Czar's diplomatic agent in Bulgaria, whose mission has ignominiously failed, and who has been compelled to abandon his proposed journey to Roumelia. The Bulgarian people, at the polls, have spoken boldly their determination to appoint their own ruler. The elections for mem-

bers of the Great Sobranje have resulted in the return of 480 Government candidates, of 26 members of the Zankoff party, and of 15 adherents of M. Karaveloff. The latter's complicity in the plot against Prince Alexander is now confirmed, but he will escape punishment, in view of his exclusion from a further political career. The Sobranje should meet within a fortnight, but it is believed that General Kaulbars will proceed at once to Sofia and endeavor to obtain an adjournment. General Baron Nicholas Kaulbars is forty-two years of age, and his military career has been a brilliant one. He was first aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Vladimir during the campaign of 1877-78, and since that time has served on various missions, diplomatic and military, in Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Albania, Servia, and Bulgaria. With the rank of major-general and aide-de-camp to the Czar, he was sent to Vienna last year as military attaché of the Russian Embassy. He is the author of a remarkable series of studies of the German Army, which have been translated into French. His reputation as a brilliant and versatile officer is undoubtedly well-deserved; but in his present mission his want of tact has brought about what looks like a disastrous mistake for his Government and a snub for himself. We also publish a portrait of M. Radoslavoff, President of the Bulgarian Ministry, and who, though at one time associated with the Karaveloff party, has always been a faithful adherent of Prince Alexander.

#### HOW DICKENS CONSTRUCTED A NOVEL

The most interesting work in the wonderful library of George W. Childs is the original manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend." It is bound in two large quarto volumes. It is the only complete manuscript of any of Charles Dickens's outside of the South Kensington Museum. One or two of his short Christmas stories are, however, to be found in this country. The "Mutual Friend" manuscript is dated at Gadsby, Thursday, January 4th, 1866, and is signed at the head of the sheet, "Charles Dickens." Then comes the skeleton of the story. By this skeleton it is possible to ascertain how Dickens went about writing his novels. In the first place, he conceived the plan of his story. Then he thought it out carefully, and fixed the plot firmly in his mind, together with the salient traits of each character. This completed, he made his skeleton, from which to work in the details; and then came the detailed work of the book. The first sixteen pages of the manuscript is taken up with this skeleton. It begins:

##### OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, NO. 1.

###### CHAPTER I.

###### On the Lookout.

The man in his boat, watching the tides.  
The Gaffer—Gaffer—Gaffer Haxen—Hexam.  
His daughter rowing, Jen, or Lizzie.  
Taking the body in tow.  
His dissipated partner, who has robbed a man.  
Riderhood—this fellow's name.

###### CHAPTER II.

###### The Man From Somewhere.

The entirely new people.  
Everything new—grandfather new—if they had one.

Dinner-party—Twemlow, Podsnap, Lady Tippins, Alfred Lighthouse, also Eugene—Mortimer, Langland and tells of Harmon, the Dust Contractor.

Then come sentences like this: "Work in the girl who was to have been married and made rich." "Give tone to Gaffer," and "Say something nice about the hero." These notations are written in diagonally, vertically or horizontally, as the case may be. There is also an outline heading as follows:

###### FOUR BOOKS.

1. The Cup and the Lip.
2. Birds of a Feather.
3. A Long Lane.
4. A Turning.

The paper used is a light-blue, and heavy; the ink is dark-blue. Mr. Dickens wrote a peculiar hand, the lines very close together, the letters very small, and the frequent marks of erasure and change betray the utmost care in the preparation of the work. At times a whole line has been scored out to be replaced by another choice of words, a different mode of expression, or to be dropped out altogether. Occasionally evidence of the author's entire absorption in his work may be seen in the departure of the lines from exactness and their tendency towards the corner of the sheet. It is not difficult to form a mental picture of the self-forgetfulness of the great writer and of his utter abandonment to his work, as he sits at his library-table at Gad's Hill hour after hour, weaving the threads of his wonderful stories.

In the second volume the same method is observed, the skeleton filling eighteen similar pages, in which there is an extra note to suggest something regarding Mr. Boffin. The story is marked as completed September 2d, 1865, and has a postscript in lieu of a preface, filling one and one-third pages, under which is given this date. The manuscript is just as it came from Mr. Dickens's hands, even the names of the compositors in the printing-office remaining at the head of each "take." In the first volume is inserted a personal letter from Mr. Dickens to Mr. Childs. The letter is not, however, in reference to the manuscript, but relates to entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Childs at Gad's Hill, in return for the hospitality shown the great author when he was on a visit to this country. The letter is in a most jovial vein, and mentions his daughter and his sister-in-law, but says nothing about his wife, for the reason that at that time there was no wife at Gad's Hill.

#### BEATING A HOTEL-KEEPER.

In one of the recent foreign letters to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Mr. Henry Watterson says: "A friend of mine the other day came to settle for his night's lodging at a bedbuggy little hole in the wall near the railway station here in Neuchatel, called the Hôtel des Alps. In addition to the charge for apartment, service, lights, etc., was the item, 'un déjeuner.' I will put into plain English that which followed: 'But I didn't order any breakfast.' 'That was no fault of the house, monsieur.' 'Do you mean to tell me that you wish to charge me for breakfast I neither ordered nor ate?' 'The breakfast was prepared all the same, monsieur.' 'You pretend that you provide a regular *table d'hôte* breakfast every morning, and charge for it whether your guests take it or not?' 'Yes, monsieur; see the menu!' Here it is, and the firm yet polite landlord produced his regular 'à la carte.' My friend turned it upside down. Then he carefully perused it. Then he said: 'How much of this do you serve as your regular breakfast?' 'Anything you like, mon-

sieur.' 'Very well; receipt the bill, and, as I am to pay for breakfast, please God I will eat it; bring me a fillet of beef, with mushrooms, a half-chicken grillé, a rum omelet and a pint of Chablis. I shall wait over until the next train.' Mine host of the Hôtel des Alps looked first stupefied and then disgusted, and, finally grasping the situation, he ran into his office, altered his bill in conformity with the facts, and, hurrying back, cried: 'Here, monsieur, here is your bill, quite correct—6 francs 35 centimes—and you will just have time to catch your train.'"

#### AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

M. GASTON TISSANDIER, in a recent number of *La Nature*, describes the efforts made by himself and his brother to pursue the subject of aerial photography. For this purpose they sought the assistance of M. Paul Nadar, whose father made the first attempt, twenty-eight years ago, to take photographs from balloons. An ascent was made on July 2d from Auteuil, the descent taking place after a voyage of about six hours at Ségré, in La Sarthe, the length of the journey being about 180 kilometers. The maximum altitude exceeded 1,700 meters. During the voyage M. Nadar succeeded in executing thirty instantaneous photographs, a dozen of which are, M. Tissandier says, unquestionably the most perfect yet obtained from a balloon. These were taken at various altitudes, ranging from 800 to 1,200 meters. They were perfect in all details, but lose by reproduction by heliogravure. Those taken at 1,200 meters it has been found impossible to reproduce at all, as they lose all their fineness in the process. The apparatus was placed in different positions on the edge of the car, sometimes being almost vertical, sometimes inclined so as to form with the horizon an angle varying from 25° to 45°. The time in each case was 1-250th part of a second. M. Nadar has enlarged some of the photographs with the new Eastman paper with remarkable success. It is obvious, from the illustrations given in *La Nature*, that the photographs have suffered in the reproduction, the details being slightly blurred and indistinct, but the streets, principal houses, gardens, etc., are perfectly clear in the two pictures which were taken at altitudes of 800 and 1,100 meters respectively.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A MATHEMATICIAN estimates that a machine of one-horse power would keep 27,000,000 watches running.

THE manufacture of solid carbonic acid gas has become a settled industry in Berlin. It is put up in small cylinders, and if kept under pressure will last some time—that is, a cylinder one and one-half inches in diameter and two inches long will take five hours to melt away into gas.

AT a recent meeting of the Dresden Agricultural Society a local pharmacist reported that in a neighborhood where the deadly nightshade grew abundantly the bees had incorporated with the honey sufficient poison from these flowers to account for numerous and occasionally fatal cases of poisoning.

The army signal service has adopted an idea from the Indians. Lieutenant A. M. Fuller, of the Second United States Cavalry, during his recent service in Arizona was detailed to special duty as signal officer. Signals were flashed by mirrors from five to forty miles. So nearly perfect is this system of communication by sun-flashes, that a trial-message of twenty-five words was sent recently over a 200-mile line, and an answer of the same length received at the starting-point, in twenty minutes' time.

THE celebrated waterfall of Teverone, Italy, which Horace calls "præcepis Anio," has been employed to put in operation two dynamos of 100 horse-power for the illumination of the City of Tivoli. Others are being fitted up. The motive power, which is to be utilized by a company from the designs of M. Cantoni, is equivalent to several thousand horses. The illumination of Rome is contemplated, as well as the distribution of force to a distance from the station. The excavations and canals are conducted under the house of Macenas, which is described as situated at *adum Tiber*, now Tivoli.

In the village of Meyrin (Canton of Geneva), Switzerland, some disused wells have been hermetically sealed to serve as barometers to the people. An orifice about an inch in diameter is made in the cover of the well, by which the internal air is put in communication with the external. When the air-pressure outside diminishes on the approach of a storm, the air in the well escapes and blows a whistle in connection with the orifice, and in this way notice of a storm's approach is given to the inhabitants. If, on the contrary, the pressure increases, a different sound is produced by the entry of the air into the well, and the probability of fine weather is announced.

IN experiments which have been made by a dentist in San Francisco bear the test of time, a radical change in dentistry seems impending. Dr. Younger, following the lead of the great John Hunter, has found that teeth freshly drawn can be transplanted to a cock's comb and retain their vitality for a month. They will also live in warm water for about two days. These, placed in the natural sockets from which other teeth have been taken and then temporarily secured, become fixed and grow as if indigenous to the soil. But more than this, new sockets can be drilled and teeth inserted within them, and the result shows that here again the newcomer takes firm hold of the adjacent bone and becomes a strong and useful masticator.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 9TH—In New York, ex-Chief-justice Thomas Sunderland, of California, aged 65 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. W. H. Dudley, President of the Collegiate Department of the Long Island Hospital, aged 75 years. OCTOBER 10TH—In New York, Frederick A. Fowler, bibliophile, aged 63 years; in Washington, D. C., George W. Adams, President of the *Evening Star* Newspaper Company, aged 45 years; in New York, ex-Senator David L. Yulee, of Florida, aged 75 years. OCTOBER 11TH—In Paterson, N. J., Absalom B. Woodruff, Presiding Judge of the Passaic County Courts, aged 67 years. OCTOBER 12TH—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Colonel George B. Ely, lawyer, aged 62 years. OCTOBER 13TH—In London, Eng., George Godwin, F.R.S., the eminent English architect and writer, aged 71 years. OCTOBER 14TH—In Hartford, Conn., Judge George S. Gilman, aged 60 years. OCTOBER 15TH—In New York, Colonel Benjamin A. Willis, aged 46 years.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

GERMANY has decided to supply her whole army with repeating rifles.

ON and after November 1st, fares on the whole elevated railway system of New York will be reduced to five cents.

THE remains of the late Chief-justice Chase were last week formally deposited in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati.

THE City of Paris will be represented at the inauguration of the Bartholdi statue at New York by M. Deschamps, Vice-president of the Municipal Council.

GOVERNOR HILL last week commuted the sentences of the Theiss boy-catchers to 100 days' imprisonment, and that term having expired, they have been released.

THE Women's Christian Temperance Union of Burlington, N. J., want an "awful example," and have offered a prize for "the best specimen of a confirmed drunkard."

GROUND has been broken for the building of the Hudson Bay Railroad, and it is expected to complete this Fall from forty to sixty miles of the line, which is to connect the wheat fields of Manitoba and the Saskatchewan Valley with tidewater at Port Nelson.

THE monument erected to the memory of the late Commander Gorringe at Rockland Cemetery, Sparkill, N. Y., was formally unveiled last week. The monument is a copy, on a reduced scale, of the Obelisk in Central Park, which was brought from Egypt by the dead commander.

BUSINESS is rapidly reviving in Charleston, S. C. Since the great earthquake, 105,847 bales of cotton have been received, and seven ocean steamships have sailed for foreign ports with cargoes of the staple. The committee of relief have acted on over 700 applications for relief to houses.

THE town of Sabine Pass, Texas, was destroyed last week by the overflowing of the Sabine River. During the overflow a hotel containing fifteen or twenty persons was swept out into the bay and all the occupants were drowned. In all some sixty lives were lost. Great damage was done to property at other points on the Sabine River and the Gulf coast.

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT's new steel steam-yacht *Alva* was successfully launched at Philadelphia, last week. The *Alva* is designed to be the largest, handsomest, and among the swiftest, steam-yachts ever built. Her extreme length is 285 feet, extreme beam 32 feet 3 inches, depth 21 feet 6 inches, and extreme draught 17 feet. Her cost will be \$700,000.

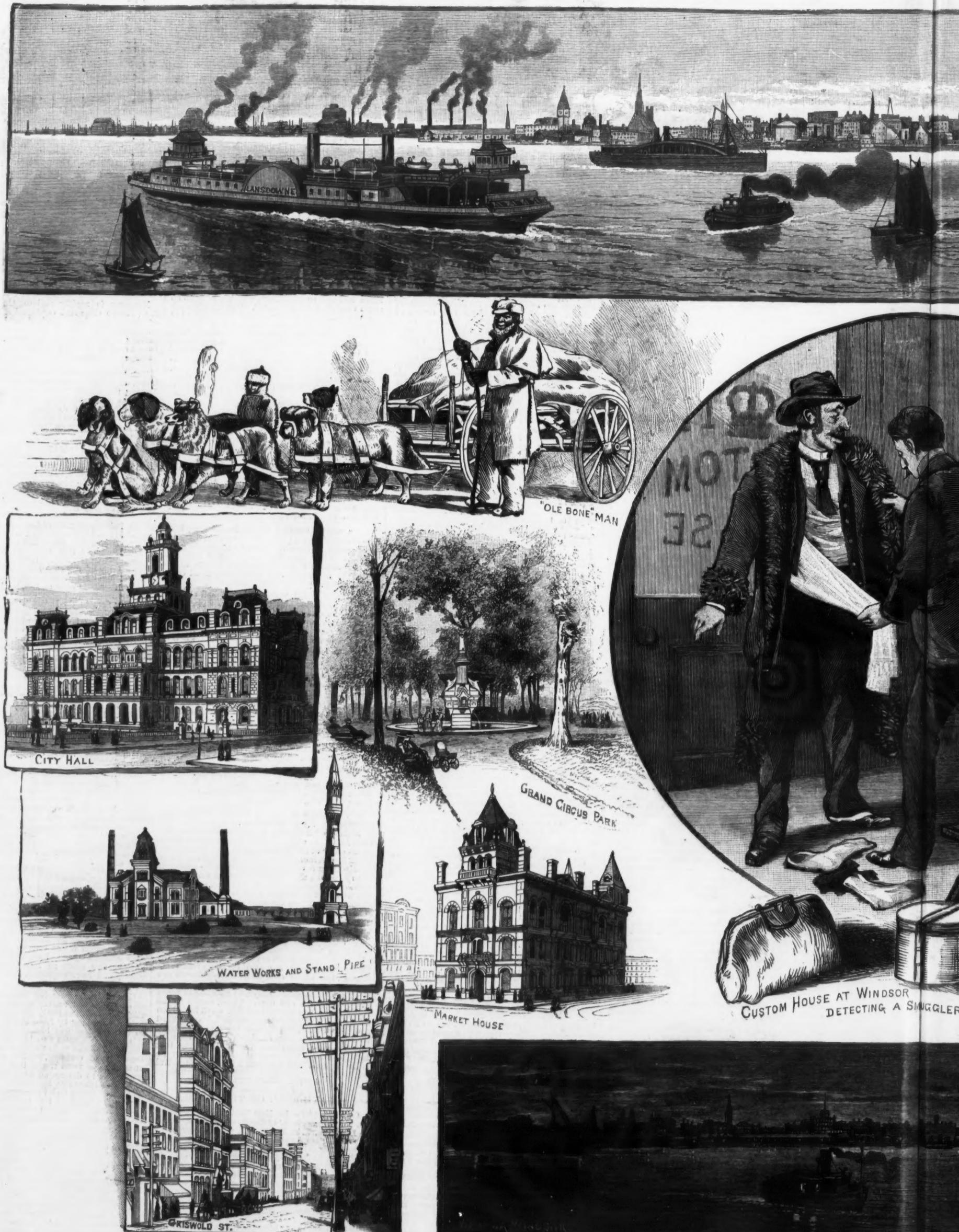
THE Palmetto Guard, of Charleston, S. C., which was the first to open fire on Fort Sumter twenty-five years ago, and which has been an active organization since that time, has elected General Lucius Fairchild, Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, an honorary member. General Fairchild has accepted the honor, and "the war is over at last."

GREAT fires in the Indian Territory are sweeping over the prairies. Millions of acres of rich grazing lands, which a fortnight ago were covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, are now charred wastes. Large numbers of cattle have been burned to death and immense quantities of hay destroyed. Cattle men will be obliged to drive their herds elsewhere to save them from starvation.

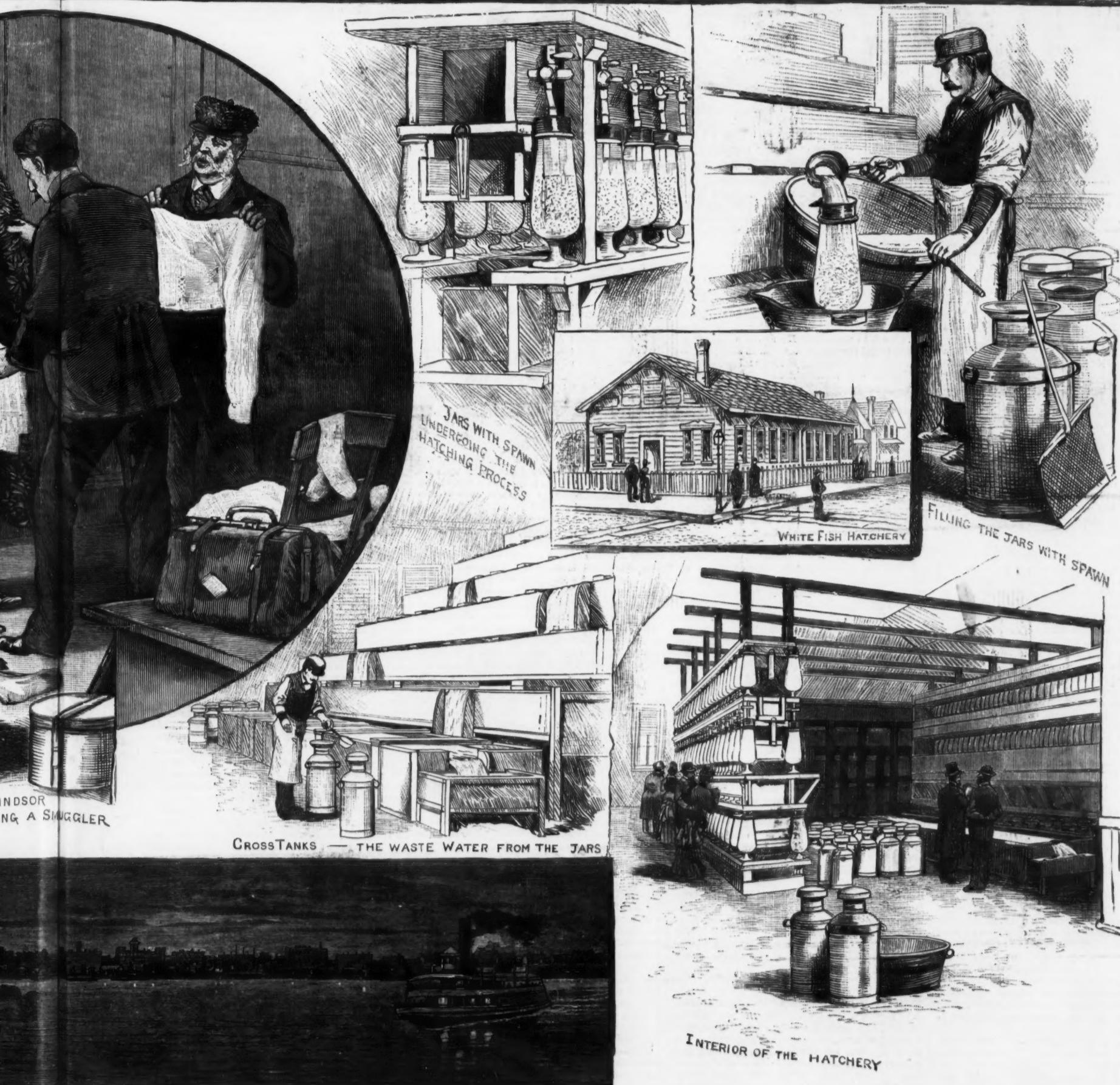
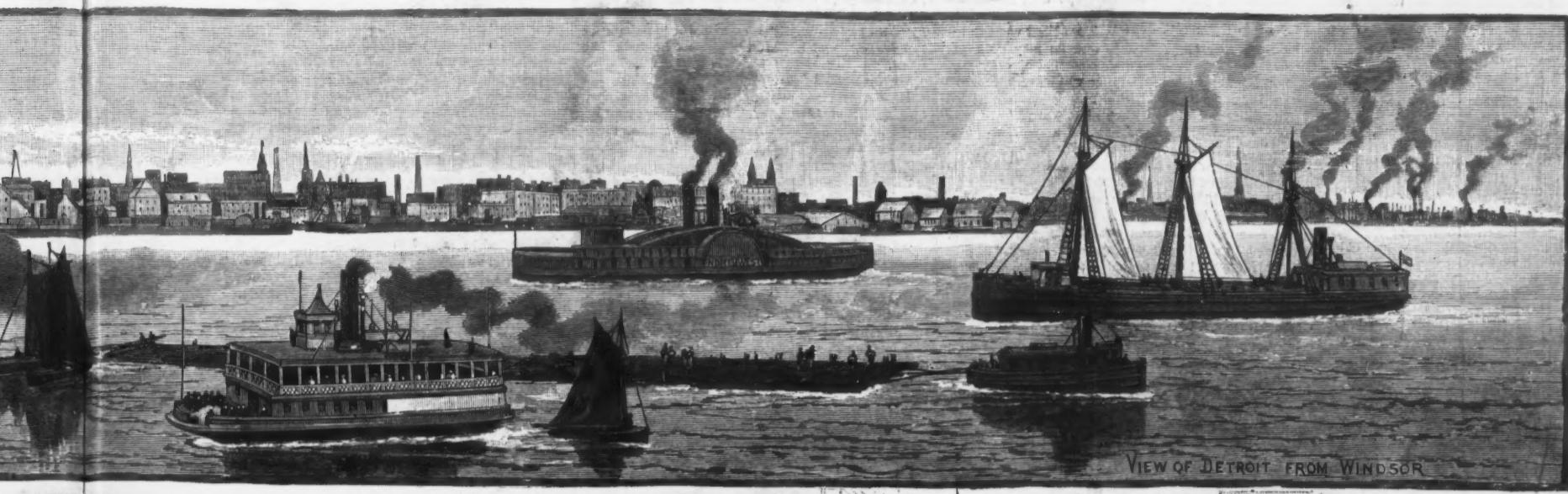
EX-ALDERMAN HENRY L. SAYLES, one of the indicted "boodle" gang in New York, whose case had been set down for trial, last week fled to Canada. His brother, who had gone bail for his appearance, made over to Mrs. Clara Ryer property worth the face of the bond, but it is said an effort will be made to set aside the conveyance. The bail of all others of the indicted officials has been increased.

GRAVE charges have been made by President Diaz, of Mexico, against Marshal Bazaine, to the effect that the latter offered to give up the towns occupied by the French during the attempt to establish an empire in Mexico, and also to surrender Maximilian and others. It has generally been believed that while ostensibly supporting the unfortunate Maximilian, Bazaine was secretly attempting to ruin him, and his subsequent treachery at Metz gave color to the suspicion.

SOMETHING of a sensation was caused, last week, by the action of the Canadian authorities in hauling down the American flag on the schooner *Marion Grimes*, which had been seized at Shelburne. The facts as officially stated are that the anniversary of the birthday of the captain of the *Grimes* occurred while his vessel was in custody of



MICHIGAN.—VIEWS IN AND ABOUT THE CITY OF DETROIT  
FROM SKETCHES BY C. W. HAM.—See



## TWO LOVES.

THE woman he loved, while he dreamed of her  
Danced on till the stars grew dim;  
But alone with her heart, from the world apart,  
Sat the woman who loved him.

The woman he worshiped only smiled  
When he poured out his passionate love,  
While the other somewhere kissed her treasure  
most rare—  
A book he had touched with his glove.

The woman he loved betrayed his trust,  
And he wore the scars thro' life;  
And he cared not, nor knew, that the other was  
true,  
But no man called her wife.

The woman he loved trod festal halls

While they sang his funeral hymn;  
But the sad bells tolled ere the year was old  
O'er the woman who loved him.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE KENTS:  
Their Follies and Their Fortunes.

By HENRY T. STANTON.

Author of "Jacob Brown," "The Moneyless Man,"  
"Self-sacrifice," "Fallen," etc.

## CHAPTER IX.

ON the morning following Mardi Gras, Adams was particular to explain his abrupt departure the previous night by assigning as a reason a sudden faintness which overcame him and forced him into the open air. He did not feel well enough to return, and went early to his chamber. The sympathy of Marie was easily won, and the circumstance was immediately dismissed from her mind. She loved him with her whole heart, and there was no room in it for any shadow of doubt. It was lighted by his presence, and he was the one man that the world contained. His truth was no more to be questioned than her own. She contemplated no fault in his nature, and there was no force to subdue her faith in his love.

It was not so with William Kent. Gradually, and for no apparently substantial reason, he began to distrust Adams, and almost unconsciously commenced a close observance of his actions. There was little to be discovered, except in mere expressions of the eye and slight inconsistencies he could glean from frequent conversations.

One day he saw him talking earnestly with Mercer, and soon after asked him, casually:

"Who was your acquaintance with the sandy hair?"

The reply came promptly:

"His name is Hugh Mercer—a man I met in London."

He volunteered nothing more, and William asked nothing. He did not like the appearance of Mercer, nor could he understand why they should converse so closely, apart from others. It aroused his suspicion, but he had no right to say there was anything wrong.

That afternoon, when they were all together, the mail was brought by a servant, and handed to William. He ran over the letters, and, after a moment's scrutiny of the superscription of one of them, passed it to Adams, saying:

"It is from George, and postmarked at Rome."

Adams opened it eagerly, and read with apparent interest. His countenance lighted up and betrayed the utmost satisfaction. He held the envelope in his hand, gradually crushing it, and finally conveying the ball to his pocket. When he had finished, he handed the letter to Marie without a word. She read as eagerly as he, until she came to one part, when the blood rushed to her face, her hands dropped for a moment in her lap and her eyes filled with tears. Adams remained silent, but kept his gaze steadily upon her. She resumed reading, and having finished, handed the letter to William and left the room. As she did so, Adams extended his hand, and hers was placed in it for a moment.

The effect which the letter had upon William Kent was not easily observed. He seemed to have anticipated its contents. The corners of his mouth were closely drawn as his eye passed steadily over the lines, but there was no change of color in his face. He betrayed no surprise, but handed the letter back to Adams when he had finished, with the quiet remark:

"It is not as I would have had it, but George has the higher right to decide."

Adams said:

"You will understand the impatience and anxiety that prompted me to write, and I hope will not think badly of it."

"I have no right to interfere," saying which, William passed out of the room.

A smile of triumph passed over the face of Adams, and the darkness of its complexion was lighted. He sat for some time in pleasant contemplation of his success.

The letter seemed to have been written in reply to one from Adams, and it not only gave his consent to the marriage, but urged an early consummation, that his sister might be present at his own marriage, which was contemplated for May. It planned a summer tour through northern Europe, and was otherwise filled with pleasant suggestion.

About twelve o'clock that night, after Adams had left Marie, he and Mercer were together in his apartment.

"Do you know," said Mercer, "there is constant danger your game will be discovered and everything ruined?"

"Oh, there is always danger in every great enterprise. I have been in danger all my life. What alarms you now?"

"You say William Kent wrote to his brother more than a month ago, and it is nearly time he was receiving an answer. What will be the result if the answer comes before you are married?"

"Well, the result will be that I will get the letter, and William Kent will be none the wiser. The probability is that I will furnish a suitable answer to place in the envelope that covers the unsuitable one."

"But," said Mercer, "William Kent went to the post in person yesterday, and he may go every day."

"That is not likely, as they will leave to-morrow for the Bayou; and besides, my letter has settled the question, and there will be no anxiety to hear further. William Kent has not a shadow of suspicion that it was not written by his cousin, and my plan now is to hasten the marriage and obtain possession of the property."

"A good idea, and the sooner Miss Kent is Mrs. Adams the better it will be for us. But have you no fear that the woman you married at St. John's, in London, will give you trouble?"

"Nonsense! that woman had two husbands already. She will never be heard from again. Besides, 'frand vitiates every contract,' and I can say, as old Adam did, 'The woman deceived me.'

Mercer advised him to be upon his guard, and to hasten the marriage, and they parted for the night.

William Kent and Marie went to Bayou de Grue the following day—Adams remaining at the St. Charles. Within a week there were letters from George to his sister and to William, all of which fell into the hands of Adams, by means of his intimacy at the business house through which the family mail was forwarded every week. He carefully opened the envelopes, and by his cunning with the pen made such answers as would best serve his purpose. George Kent would have taken the writing for his own, so well were his characters imitated.

Early in March the marriage took place at the home of George Kent, and the great crime was consummated. There was no brilliant wedding, and but few to witness the ceremony. Those who were present were neighbors and friends of the Kent family—chiefly from the surrounding plantations.

It was a subject of general comment, but none were astonished, either at the youth of the bride or at her alliance with a stranger. Early marriages are favored in the South, and as Marie had passed much of her life in the city, it was natural she should meet many persons from abroad.

The title-deeds to Marie's property were at once transferred to her husband by William, and at last Adams had reaped the fruit of his villainy. A few weeks served for a settlement of all his affairs, and about the first of April the couple sailed for Europe.

The desolation this event brought to the heart and home of William Kent was utter, and it drove him almost to madness. He suffered as only a strong, proud man can suffer, and in silence. The place became unbearable to him, and going back to New Orleans, he sought forgetfulness in society. He mingled with old associates, and tried to find oblivion in diversion. It was all in vain—a great cloud settled heavily upon him, and his heart became a charnel-house of hopes and ambitions.

One day, perhaps a month after the departure of Adams, he wandered into a public library, and with no defined purpose began turning the leaves of the bound file of a newspaper. He looked listlessly over the columns until, by a singular chance, his eye fell upon the announcement of the marriage between Gilbert Adams and Laura Felice. The paper proved to be the London *Times*. Had he been suddenly assailed with violence at his back, he could not have sprung to his feet and stood more rigidly. He glared at it, with one finger upon the paragraph and his eye upon the date of publication. Then he read it again, and, closing the volume, raised his left hand to his brow and went rapidly from the room. That night he grew delirious, and for weeks was prostrated with fever. Ill, and most of the time unconscious, his mail accumulated, and it was long before he had strength to examine it. At last he summoned courage and did so. A letter from George announced his marriage with Laura Felice. It did not move him. He had divined it all; but when he found messages to Marie, and realized that George knew nothing of her marriage, he fell back upon his pillow and sobbed like a child. He comprehended it all. He saw how the coil of the serpent had been about him and his, and he knew that what had been done could not be mended. It was a bitter cup, and he had drunk it deeply.

"Poor Marie!" he said. "My darling! my darling!"

When sufficiently restored, he wrote at length to George, telling him all; and then, as speedily as he could, converted his entire estate into money and left for ever the home of his boyhood, his manhood and his misery.

After a lapse of years, in which he has been much changed, we now find him at the isolated home of his cousin upon the banks of the Holston River—a stream that divides two ranges of the great Appalachian chain of mountains in Southwestern Virginia—and here we take up the broken thread of our story.

## CHAPTER X.

UPON entering the home of his cousin, William Kent's first care was for the wet saddle-pockets. He made some observation about their having fallen into the water, and, without calling them his own, left the natural impression that they were. He declined the offices of a servant, and conveyed them, in his own hands, to the apartment assigned him. There he placed them where they would not be likely to attract observation and inspire the curiosity of a chambermaid. Had they contained jewels, he could not have been more careful in their disposal.

Having refreshed himself by a change of ap-

parel, he returned to the chamber in which he had been received.

"You are papa's cousin William, and we thought you were papa!" exclaimed the little girl, as he entered.

"And you are my little cousin whose name I do not know," was his kind reply, as he took her hand.

"I am named Marie," the child said.

It needed no explanation. He caught her quickly in his arms, and, folding her closely, pressed his lips to her forehead, and hid the emotion betrayed by his face in the shining flood of her golden hair.

"Our child was named for my husband's sister," said Mrs. Kent; and then she added: "You know something of her sad history?"

He answered, gravely:

"Yes, I have heard;" and, after a moment's pause: "You were looking for George. Where is he?"

"He has been absent more than a week, having gone to Knoxville upon business. We were looking for him when you came, and, at a distance, you were so like him that both Marie and I were deceived."

"But papa has no gray hairs, and his face is not so brown," said the child.

Mrs. Kent smiled, and said:

"Children are very close observers;" then, to the child: "But your papa is older than Cousin William."

She called him "Cousin" William, and the kinship was at once established between them.

"Only two years older," he said. "We closed at college together, and the difference in age was scarcely noticeable. I was always younger than I seemed."

At this point a slender, pale man, about thirty-two years of age, entered the apartment. There was nothing particularly striking about him, save his large eyes and light beard. He was well dressed, and had the appearance of having been an invalid. He walked directly to William Kent, and extended his hand. As he did so, he said:

"Laura, I do not require an introduction to Mr. Kent. I feel that I know him already;" then, to William, who was completely at a loss to understand his presence, or who he was: "I am Armstead Felice."

"Armstead Felice!" repeated William. "Laura's brother?" He looked into his face wonderingly, and then added: "I heard you were dead."

"But you see I am not, though I might have been, long ago, but for Laura and George. I am just now building up a new man upon the wreck of my old self. I have been an invalid for five years."

William continued to look thoughtfully into his face, and then asked:

"Were you not in Australia?"

"Yes, a little while, when quite a young man. The greater part of my life has been passed in Maryland."

There had been no communication between William Kent and his cousin George for nearly twelve years; but, by some means, William had become acquainted with almost every important fact connected with his history. He believed at first that George had married a mere adventuress, and that the wreck of the Kent family was due to the glamour thrown around him upon his visit to Rome, when little more than a boy. Upon the unfortunate marriage of Marie, after disposing of his estate in Louisiana, William became a restless wanderer; first going to the Gold Coast, thence to China and Japan, and finally back to California, where he settled at Los Angeles. It was in this balmy and fruitful climate that he proposed to end his days; but it happened, about five years after he left Louisiana, that he met at Chihuahua, in Mexico, the Englishman Allen Prine, from whom, by a mere accident, he learned almost everything connected with the affair which had brought such misery to Laura Felice. The man Prine was a fugitive from London, and was engaged in mining somewhere in the vicinity of Chihuahua, and he had no hesitation in making a full disclosure of all he knew, including his own complicity in the fraud and robbery of this poor girl.

From the moment William obtained this information his plans and feelings were revolutionized. He determined that he would go to London, and, if possible, verify the statements of Prine by finding the woman he had personated Laura at St. John's Church; then he would see his cousin George, and together they would hunt down the villain and betrayer of Marie.

Within sixty days after this development he was at London and engaged in the execution of his purpose. Employing proper persons to aid him, he soon learned that the facts were as stated by the coadjutor of Adams at Chihuahua, but that the woman had died within the year in which the fraud was perpetrated. This was another surprise and gratification to him, for it established the legitimacy of the marriage between George and Laura, at least so far as this marriage at St. John's Church was concerned.

He obtained from the rector who performed the ceremony a statement that the woman he married as Laura Felice was "below the medium height, and had dark hair and eyes." He also obtained the official record of her death and burial. Having done this, he felt that, if nothing more was accomplished, he had proved the innocence of his cousin's wife, and had saved Laura from at least one danger of utter ruin.

His next step was to go directly to New Orleans, where he hoped to find George, and through him ascertain something of Marie. In this he met a sad disappointment, for he learned in that city that George had returned two years previous, but had disposed of his property and gone back to Europe—no one knew to what country. He decided, at once, to follow and find him, if in any part of the known world.

Unhappily for him and for Marie, in going over the flats at the mouth of the Mississippi, the vessel upon which he was a passenger, was towed within a cable's length of one in which Marie and her child were being towed up to the city. They might have seen each other from the decks, but they did not, so unknd was fate.

We shall not follow him through his long and patient, but fruitless, search for George, though the reader may readily understand that he learned much in relation to both him and Adams, as both were more or less known at several points.

Of Marie he heard little, and could trace her for a period of three years only by her marked beauty and quiet, sad manner. After that, Adams traveled unattended by her, and was frequently conspicuous at places of fashionable resort where gaming prevailed, but finally disappeared altogether.

Dismayed at last, William Kent abandoned the search, and went sadly back to his new home at Los Angeles. Here, he had invested a large part of the proceeds of his Louisiana estate, and had now a productive and beautiful property. He remained upon it nearly five years, when a desire to revisit his old home came upon him, and he made the journey again.

Shortly after reaching New Orleans he learned of Marie's arrival with her child about the time of his departure. The person who told him said he heard she was in destitute circumstances, and he did not know what had become of her. From another, he learned that she had remained a year or more, but had gone North at the approach of the fever. This was all—and it rendered him almost desperate. He felt that she was yet alive and in this country—but where? In what direction should he turn to find a woman and child so situated? It appeared easy to find his cousin George in Europe, and he started upon that journey with confidence, because George had means and would be known in society—yet he failed to find him. How much harder would it be for him to find a poor woman who had no blood relation in the country, and who could not be conspicuous in society. He knew not what to do! At last it occurred to him to employ the Press. He thought an advertisement might reach her eye, or the eye of some person who knew her, and he placed the following in the *Delta*:

"W. K. will pay liberally for any information as to the present location of Mrs. Marie Adams, Address, St. Charles Hotel."

That afternoon he received a note addressed, "Mr. William Kent, St. Charles Hotel." It was signed by Madame Jovet. He fairly sprang to his feet upon reading it, though it only said, "Come to see me this evening." He had forgotten the very person he should have sought first. He might have known that Marie, in distress, would have gone to her—and so it was.

He lost no time in reaching her residence, and there he learned all—not only the pitiful relation of her troubles in Europe, but everything connected with her recent life. She had been an assistant teacher and member of Madame Jovet's household for nearly two years, and had only left the city to save her child from the yellow fever. Her father and mother had died of that fearful malady, and she was unwilling to risk the life of her child at its appearance. She went further north, beyond the isothermal line, and finding a school at the small village of Millville, had made that her home for two years. She wrote regularly to Madame Jovet, and poured her whole heart out to her. The good woman handed William a package of her letters, and told him he would find there everything he desired to know. He took them to his hotel, and that night read all—every word Marie had written. She knew that her brother and his wife were within a few miles of her—she had even seen them—but she had never been to the place, nor spoken with either. William understood it all. He knew the whole story, or thought he did, and for the first time in ten years he felt happy.

This will enable the reader to understand his presence at George Kent's, and his astonishment at meeting Armstead Felice.

That evening was perhaps the happiest he had passed in all the long interval since Marie's marriage, and though neither she nor George were present, he felt the throb of a new heart within his bosom and the dawn of a new morning in his career. He studied Laura minutely and with growing satisfaction. He saw in her the true woman, the beautiful and refined person who was worthy to be the wife of George, and she recognized in him a man of whose kinship her husband might well be proud. Through the evening meal they talked pleasantly and regretfully of the past—Laura speaking with perfect freedom of her own affairs, of her brother Armstead, and even of Gilbert Adams; and Armstead taking part with quite as much freedom. Some matters were not mentioned that William knew of, but did not suggest.

Armstead finally said:

"You spoke of my being in Australia, and alluded to the report of my death. I was accidentally shot at Melbourne, the ball passing through my left lung, and the report reached America that I had died of the wound; but I was well to reach home in time to see my father die."

"And he has never recovered entirely from the wound," said Laura, "though I can see he is improving every day."

It was a delicate question, but William asked:

"What took you to Australia?"

company, but I hope the experience made a man of me. It came near killing Laura."

"Yes, I thought for a long while that Armstead had killed a woman—one who had been murdered the same night that he got into the trouble. They told me he had killed her; and Gilbert Adams was responsible for it all. Oh, he was a wretch for whom God will find no redemption!"

"Is he dead?" asked William.

"Yes; I saw an account of where he had been killed by one of his comrades, a man named Allen Prine, who was quite as bad as he, but not so accomplished."

William knew much more than she of this matter, but he said nothing.

After a pause he asked:

"And Marie—what of her?"

"Poor girl! We do not know. George sought her everywhere in Europe. He heard of her often during two or three years, but never found her. Adams abandoned her and her child, and we fear they are both dead."

(To be continued.)

#### VISIT TO VIRGINIA BATTLEFIELDS.

JOHN A. ANDREW POST, Grand Army of the Republic, of Boston, named in honor of the well-known War Governor of Massachusetts, have just paid a visit to many of their old battlefields. Their tour included Gettysburg, Shenandoah Valley, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge of Virginia, Richmond, Petersburg, Old Point Comfort, Washington, Baltimore and other points, at all of which they were welcomed with great enthusiasm. At Baltimore and Richmond their reception was especially hearty. At the latter city they were met by a committee of the Blue and Gray organization, and by Companies C, E and F, of the First Regiment; the Blues, the Stuart Horse Guards, R. E. Lee Camp, Phil Kearny Post, the United Veterans, and a large delegation of Massachusetts Knights of Labor, and escorted through some of the principal streets, amid peals of cheers, displays of fireworks and other demonstrations of welcome. Subsequently they were entertained at a banquet, which the Richmond *State* pronounces "one of the happiest among many similar very happy occasions that have taken place in that city since the war." During their stay they visited the points of interest about Richmond and at Petersburg, including the site of the mine which was exploded by the Union forces in July, 1864, with fearful loss of life, and of which we give an illustration.

#### THE MASTERY OF VICIOUS HORSES.

VERY interesting and picturesque are the exhibitions given by Professor Gleason, the well-known horse-tamer and educator, at the Cosmopolitan Hall, in this city. The means employed in subduing vicious or too high-spirited steeds, while necessarily vigorous, are neither cruel nor dangerous, and, we believe, meet with the approval of Mr. Bergh himself. It is astonishing to see how quickly an unmanageable horse becomes docile, when once he discovers that he is mastered. On Wednesday evening of last week Dr. E. W. Miller's beautiful bay trotting stallion Indian Chief, known as the "Connecticut man-eater," learned his first lessons in obedience. After a desperate struggle lasting about an hour the handsome brute showed signs of yielding. Professor Gleason used his ordinary Eureka bridle and safety strap, supplemented by a revolver. The latter he fired directly in his face when the horse attempted to bite, and the method was so novel as to be thoroughly effective. The horse stopped kicking, followed his master at command, and paid attention to the word "whoa." The next evening he was shod for the first time, and driven to a wagon. On the same evening that he undertook the conquest of this stallion, Professor Gleason cured a gray mare, owned by L. M. Hand, of New York, and a black gelding owned in Jersey City, of the kicking habit. Neither had ever been driven in double harness, and Professor Gleason never before attempted to harness double two strange horses, both kickers and vicious. Yet he did it on this occasion, and the two owners drove them about the ring as if they had been accustomed to drive together for years. The driving was all done by the owners, the animals moving about the ring while the band played, drums were beaten, tin pans rattled, sleigh-bells rung, and flags and umbrellas waved all about them.

Some of the amusing and exciting incidents of an evening at the Cosmopolitan Hall are illustrated by our artist's spirited sketches, which explain themselves.

#### A CAKE FOR KING CUPID.

A LONDON paper says: "At a recent wedding reception at which some of the members of the new Cabinet figured as relatives and honored guests, the bride's cake was simply a magnificent structure—eight tiers, each varying in the style of ornamentation. The cake rested on a silver plateau, with a handsome filigree-work reaching slantwise from the plateau to the cloth of blue velvet, or plush, covered with lace. The edge of the blue material was a gold lace filigree and deep gold grass fringe, with horseshoes, 'for good luck,' worked at each of the four corners with gold thread and pearls. There was nothing on this table except the cake and a few bouquets of flowers in the new shaded grass. The cake was surrounded, about three inches distant, by a most exquisite wreath of stephanotis, kalanchoe, jasminia, La Dame Blanche heliotropes, and a white fuchsia, called 'Charming Bride.' Three double (twined) horseshoes were on the upright rim of the first tier, amid a grouping of fern-leaves in white sugar-work. On the top was an artistic grouping of the two families' shields, crests, etc., and the new quartering allowed by the marriage. The shields were about eight inches long; the crests at their deepest point, two inches long. The succeeding tiers represented 'The Seven Ages of Man,' founded on Shakespeare's lines."

#### VENTILATION BY CHIMNEYS.

THE *Sanitary News*, of Chicago, having the inquiry if a bath-tub, water-closet or sink connecting with a cesspool thirty feet away would be best ventilated if the ventilator-pipe were run up through a chimney or along outside of it, submitted the communication to the Department of Health. Mr. De Wolf, the Commissioner, replies as follows: "If you mean to run the pipe into and through the smoke-flue, I unhesitatingly say do

not do it. First, because this permits the pipe to become unduly heated, thereby causing a very rapid upward movement of the air within the pipe, frequently so rapid as to cause the entire sewage in the horizontal drain and connecting traps to become frozen in the Winter months. Second, because of the destructive action upon iron pipes of sulphur compounds and other gases generated in the combustion of coal, which in a comparatively short time 'honeycombs' or perforates the pipe, thereby permitting drain air to be discharged directly into the building during fluctuating currents (at times when flues are not heated). Third, because of the possibility, if not probability, of concealed work being imperfectly done. The best method is to carry the drain vent pipe outside of but near to a heated flue, and continue same to a proper distance above the roof of building."

#### HONESTY OF THE SCANDINAVIANS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis *Republican*, writing from Stockholm, Sweden, says: "I said that the Scandinavians were honest. It was my custom, at Copenhagen, on going out of the hotel to hang the key of my door on the proper hook near the porter's desk. On returning I generally found it in the door of my room and the door itself unlocked. On remonstrating with the proprietor about this I was told that this was not Germany (he was too polite to say America), but that it was Denmark; that the Danes were honest, and that locking one's door was a useless formality in Copenhagen. From that time on I often left my door unlocked in Scandinavian hotels and never lost even a pin. In Norwegian hotels it is the practice for the guest not only to leave his shoes outside the door at night to be blackened, but to leave his coat, pants and vest outside on a chair to be brushed by one of the servants. I should smile to see a traveler expose his entire wardrobe in this wise to the hotel thieves in St. Louis. Honesty is so far presumed upon in Scandinavia, that on the steamboats which ply between Copenhagen and Christiania the passenger, no matter how much or how little he patronizes the tables or the bar, keeps his own account of what he eats and drinks, and renders his bill to the steward of the boat, and pays it before leaving. If I had not seen every passenger, more than a hundred in number, on a large steamer do this, and had not done it myself, I would not have believed that such a custom could exist. Each passenger would hand to the steward a little list in pencil of what he had eaten and drunk, and the steward would mark the price opposite each item, foot it up and receive payment. The steward had kept no account whatever with any passenger, but had trusted to each one implicitly to keep his own account. Some foreigners, who were not aware of the custom, and some bibulous persons whose memories had been obscured by an excess of drink, were put to much trouble to render their reckoning."

#### A CURIOUS INDIAN LEGEND.

THE Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* says: "The Passamaquoddy still cling to their old and poetic notion of the nature of thunder. They believe that the rumble of the thunderstorm and the flashes of the lightning are the demonstrations of thunder-spirits who are playing ball and shooting their arrows in the heavens. There is a tradition that a Passamaquoddy Indian one day expressed a desire that he might become 'a thunder.' All at once his companions saw him mounting to the sky in the smoke of the camp-fire. He was taken up to the abode of the thunders, placed in a long box, and by some mysterious process invested with the properties and existence of a thunder-spirit—or, as Louis Mitchell puts it, he was 'thundered.' He lived for seven years among the thunders, played ball with them in the sky, shot his gleaming arrows with them at the birds they are always chasing towards the south, married a female thunder-spirit, and pursued an active and contented life of thunder and lightning. Seven years after his translation a violent storm passed over the encampment of the Passamaquoddy; there was an unusual and frightful contention among the thunder-spirits; the rumble was more terrific than Passamaquoddy ear had ever heard; the air smelled of brimstone; the sky blazed with red and yellow flames; the clouds opened and great forks of fire shot out of them; the rain fell in sheets; peal answered peal; one tongue of lightning spat out fire to another; the affrighted Passamaquoddy, who never had held such a storm, believed that the legions of the thunder-spirits were waging their most awful war. They fell down and crossed themselves. In the midst of their alarm they saw a human form slide down into their camp on a beam of light. It was their old friend, who had made his escape from pursuing thunders, shaken off his 'thundered' existence and returned to them. He had changed somewhat, but his old friends knew him. He lived with the tribe till he died."

#### A SCIENTIST'S ESCAPE.

THE New York *Sun* says: "Six years ago Dr. Junker, a distinguished Russian ethnologist and explorer, buried himself in the depths of Africa to pursue his scientific labors. Schweinfurth, a few years before, had brought home many facts about two very remarkable tribes, the Niam-Niams and the Monbuttos, and it was these peoples and their country northeast of the great northern bend of the Congo that Dr. Junker proposed thoroughly to study. He went to Africa at his own expense, and for four years lived alone among these tribes, dwelling in their huts, eating fried ants and other unique products of Niam-Niam cookery, studying their languages and customs, and exploring their country. He found that the Niam-Niams were not anthropophagi, as Schweinfurth had believed.

"Dr. Junker at last concluded his labors, and was about to return to Europe with his large collections, when the Soudanese uprising in the north and tribal wars in the south cut off his retreat and made him practically a prisoner in the heart of Africa. Last year two expeditions, one from Zanzibar and the other from the Congo, were sent to his relief. We had only just heard that one of these expeditions had returned to the coast, defeated, and that the other was still struggling towards its destination, when the welcome news came last week that Dr. Junker had escaped the perils that environed him, and was now on his way from Victoria Nyanza to Zanzibar.

"Dr. Junker is one of the few scientific men of established reputation who, in the interest of their special studies, have cheerfully cut themselves off from the civilized world, and for years braved manifold dangers in deadly climates and among

savage tribes. His welcome home will be all the heartier because more sciences than one are likely to profit by his self-sacrificing labors."

#### THE DUST-SHOWERS OF PEKIN, CHINA.

A RECENT number of the *American Meteorological Journal* contains an article on the notorious dust-storms of Pekin. These occur in the dry season, especially in Winter and early Spring. They come on at irregular intervals, perhaps six or eight times in the season, and last about three days. The wind is westerly, most often northwest, and blows fresh or high. The condition of the streets of Pekin, evil as that is, would not account for the heavy clouds of dust that come down with the storm. The mouth and eyes have to be protected from the fine dust, which penetrates the closest room, and makes food to taste gritty. This abundant dust is spread over a large area, extending eastward from Pekin to the sea and southeastward, regularly descending as far south as the Yellow River, and sometimes Shanghai, ten degrees of latitude away. The writer of the paper says this vast quantity of dust must come from the great deserts of Mongolia. A series of observations during one of these storms showed a fall in the thermometer when it came on, and a rapid change in the barometer, which rose from 786 mm. to 797 mm., making several rises and falls of less magnitude in the meantime. The clouds, which the day before had been unbroken, rapidly cleared away; the sun was so obscured that it could not be inspected by the naked eye; it was also set in a ring. The wind showed diurnal variations, the air was dry, and one had a feeling of malaise and nervousness. After the wind went down, the barometer remained high for a day or two, and on its descent there was another, but much less marked, dust-storm. The storm thus appears to have been a gale accompanying an area of high pressure, which came from the Desert of Gobi and traveled eastward. The dryness of the wind and its abundant dust were in part due to this desert, which lies west and northwest of Pekin, and is not far away. In his great work on China, Richthofen discusses the geological effects of these storms, which are observed throughout the south and west of the Desert of Gobi, and further west are much worse than at Pekin.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

TUESDAY, the 12th inst., was the 394th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

THE paper gas and water pipes introduced so extensively in Vienna some time ago, it is claimed, are a complete success.

NEW YORK builders and architects report unusual activity in real estate throughout the city. Building is also very active in Brooklyn. During September permits were taken out for 401 buildings, which will cost over \$2,000,000.

BISMARCK thinks of nothing but war. At a railway station in Saxony, stopping to change trains, he addressed a porter by whose side stood a little boy. "Is that your son?" "Yes, your Excellency." "Have you any more?" "Four, your Excellency." "That is well. They will make good soldiers. God bless them!"

THE October report of the Department of Agriculture shows an average yield of 12½ bushels of wheat from an area of 37,000,000 acres, or an increase of about 100,000,000 bushels over last year's crop. The oats crop is over 600,000,000 bushels: barley, nearly 60,000,000 bushels; rye, upwards of 26,000,000 bushels; corn, at least 1,650,000,000 bushels.

THE Nebraska idea of giving the people of a State a chance to indicate their preference for United States Senator is spreading. The Republican Convention of Nevada inserted in its platform a plank requesting the Legislature of that State to pass a law providing for the indication of such preference by votes in future elections, and if the Republicans carry the contest this Fall the Nebraska plan will undoubtedly be grafted on the laws of the Sagebrush State.

THE war feeling in France is said to be growing. The Boulanger party have begun the issue of two new journals to advocate an offensive policy in vindication of the old military prestige of France. General Boulanger, however, disowns any connection with the papers. The strictest taboo of everything in German is being observed. M. Lockroy, Minister of Commerce, has ordered the police to prosecute all persons selling boxes of toys imported from Germany and containing a map of France without Alsace.

UNDER the caption of "A Bald and Toothless Future," Virgil G. Eaton contributes to the *Popular Science Monthly* results of his observations of bald-headed men—amongst others the following, taken in bald, 46: Trinity Church, 243 men; 72 actually bald, 46 indications of baldness; King's Chapel, 86 men; 38 actually bald, 14 indications of baldness. Hollis Street Theatre, orchestra at performance of 'The Mikado,' 63 men; 27 actually bald, 10 indications. The Boston Theatre, 'Judic,' 126 men; 51 actually bald, 43 indications. These observations were taken from the more cultivated classes of society, and do not give a fair representation of the Boston head, as repeated calls at the dime museums and cheaper variety performances demonstrated. . . . In fact, out of hundreds of observations, extending over several years, I have found that the higher the price of admission, and presumably the more refining the nature of the performance, the larger the per cent. of bald heads."

THE practice of eating considerable quantities of clay, as a necessary supplement to too insufficient nourishment, is known to be almost universally diffused among the savage people of Africa, America and Asia. But the practice is not confined entirely to those thus necessitated. Among the Indians of the banks of the Amazon, clay forms a part of the fare, even when other food is abundant. Edible earth is sold in the markets of Bolivia, and a kind which has an agreeable odor is much esteemed among the Peruvians. The Indians of the Dutch colonies of Java and Sumatra submit an edible clay to a peculiar preparation—reducing it to a paste with water, separating all foreign matter from it, and spreading it out in thin layers, which are cut into small cakes and cooked in a saucepan over a charcoal fire; each of these little cakes, which is rolled up, looks like a piece of dry bark, the color being sometimes that of slate and sometimes brown: this singular food has a slightly aromatic flavor which offsets its earthy taste.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is reported that ex-President Gonzales was recently assassinated in an interior town of Mexico.

THE Catholics of the Archdiocese of Baltimore have presented Cardinal Gibbons with a check for \$30,000.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND usually wears a flower on his coat-lapel now, something he rarely did before he was married.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has concluded his lecture tour in Ireland. His last lecture in London was attended by 2,000 persons.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE presented to the delegation of Irishwomen who visited them at Hawarden, recently, their autographs, written on the finest white cards.

THE wife of the Tichborne claimant is singing in a concert-hall in New York city, while her husband, whose lecture in this country ended so disastrously, is on his back, ill.

GEORGE H. WATROUS, President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, is the candidate of the anti-Hawley men for United States Senator in Connecticut.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria has returned to Darmstadt, and is residing in his father's palace there. He recently sold twenty-six horses which he brought with him from Sofia.

ON the streets of Richmond, General Cassius M. Clay recently met one of his daughters, and passed her without knowing who she was. His wife and children both left him several years ago.

THE Crown Prince of Italy, who will attain his seventeenth year on the 11th of November, will have to stand his private examination, a few weeks hence, for the grade of sub-lieutenant in the army.

LIEUTENANT HENN, of the *Galatea*, is to be elected to honorary membership in the New York Yacht Club. His American yachting experience during the past season has cost him about \$10,000.

GENERAL JOSEPH UBRICH, the defender of Strasburg during the Franco-German War, is dead. With only 3,600 regular troops he held the city for two months against an overwhelming German army.

M. DE LESSEPS sailed from Havre last Saturday for New York, where he will take part in the ceremonies in connection with the dedication of Bartholdi's statue of Liberty. He is accompanied by Count Napoleon Ney.

ALFRED A. TAYLOR, the Republican candidate for Governor of Tennessee, has become ill from his exhaustive tour of the State, and been forced to retire from the stump. Emerson Ethridge is advertised to take his place.

A GERMAN paper says that Herr Wachtel, the famous singer, is suffering from enlargement of the heart and dropsy. He has recently undergone an operation, which relieved him somewhat, and he is now able to leave his room, although not yet out of danger.

ANDREW CARNEGIE has added \$25,000 to his fund for a free library in Alleghany, Pa. The architect found that the original donation of \$250,000 would not be enough, and Mr. Carnegie on hearing this immediately added ten per cent. to his contribution.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has nominated Colonel James C. Duane, Corps of Engineers, to be Brigadier-general and Chief of Engineers, vice John Newton, retired, and Colonel Orlando B. Wilcox, Twelfth Infantry, to be Brigadier-general, vice J. H. Potter, retired.

THE publishers of General Grant's "Memoirs" have so far paid to Mrs. Grant, on account of the profits on the work, \$350,000. Another payment of \$100,000 will be paid within two or three months, and it is believed that the widow's total receipts from the book will reach \$600,000.

WILLIAM FERRIT, of New Orleans, has been selected by the President as the successor of Supervising Architect Bell of the Treasury Department. Mr. Ferrit is a Creole and is about forty years old. His brother, James F. Ferrit, and himself have been the most successful architects in the South.

MAXWELL, the condemned murderer, who is awaiting execution in St. Louis, is said to have become completely unversed, and to show in every movement his distress. He rolls and tosses all night, talks and starts in his sleep, and is said to be haunted by a vision of the murdered Preller.

"ADIRONDACK MURRAY" was married last week to Miss Frances M. Rivers, of Montreal. Mr. Murray's divorced wife is practicing medicine in New Haven, Conn. It is stated that his daughter is engaged to a young Englishman who resides in London, and who is possessed of considerable wealth.

J. MCNEIL WHISTLER is about to revisit America, his native land. He will exhibit a collection of his pictures, and deliver his famous "Ten O'clock" lecture, under the business management of D'Oyley Carte. The eccentric artist writes that December is the time fixed upon by the fates for his arrival in New York.

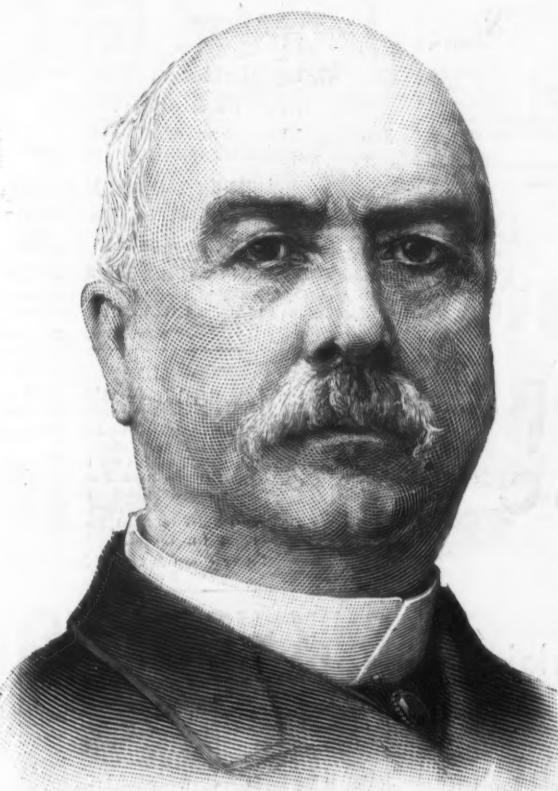
MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, who, with her husband, is visiting this country, is collaborating with Justin McCarthy in the writing of a novel to be entitled "The Ladies' Gallery." Mrs. Praed has already written much and charmingly, her most successful novel being "Nadine." Mr. Campbell Praed is a nephew of Praed the poet.

THE President



VISIT OF JOHN A. ANDREW POST, G. A. R., OF BOSTON, TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF VIRGINIA—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE MINE AT PETERSBURG, EXPLODED IN JULY, 1864, WITH A UNION AND CONFEDERATE LOSS OF 5,500 MEN.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 155.



ALABAMA.—HON. NATHANIEL H. R. DAWSON, THE NEW UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

PHOTO. BY HANDY.

HON. NATHANIEL H. R. DAWSON,  
THE NEW UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.  
THE United States Bureau of Education is one of several which constitute the Department of the Interior, and was established by Act of Congress in 1867 for the purpose of aiding the people of the country in establishing and maintaining efficient public-school systems, and incidentally aiding education in other ways. The office, under the law and usage of the Department, makes an annual report about the condition and progress of public schools and other teaching agencies, elementary, intermediate and higher, throughout the United States and Territories. This report forms a part of the documents which accompany the annual message of the President to Congress; and copies of the report are printed for public information by concurrent resolution of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

The Bureau of Education collects the information published in its annual reports and occasional pamphlet issues, through the co-operation of the superintendents of school systems and the managing officers of colleges, academies and other schools of learning in the several States and Territories of the country. It has no executive authority over any system, college or school in any of the States or organized Territories, nor does it interfere with the management of Indian schools therein. Its duty is merely

advisory, and it is intended as a help to the school officers and teachers of the country by presenting facts and collecting statistics which may be of wider scope and more trustworthy character than the time and the other duties of such officers and teachers usually permit them to collect and discuss for themselves.

The Bureau is also charged with the duty of responding to the inquiries of foreign Governments respecting the conditions and progress of education, the methods of instruction and the instrumentalities for culture in this country, and receives similar information from foreign ministries of education for the public of the United States.

The office of the Bureau is in a tall, brick building at the corner of Eighth and G Streets, Northwest, in Washington, wherein, besides the personnel of the office, are contained a large and valuable library of educational reports, treatises and documents, domestic and foreign, and an interesting collection of educational apparatus and pupils, work, native and other. The Bureau is visited daily by persons from many parts of the country and from other nations. For example, during the past week several pupils from a public High School have consulted many books in the library; the Japanese Minister, accompanied by a traveler from his country, the Sub-secretary of Education in Costa Rica, with an interpreter, and a School Principal from Finland, visited the Commissioner. Every proper assistance in examining and understanding any matter relating to American education is rendered to all visitors who desire it. The correspondence of the Bureau includes every part of the United States, and officials and other persons from nearly every country in the world. During the year 1885 nearly 40,000 letters of various kinds were received and answered, and about 360,000 copies of the official publications were distributed to the correspondents of the Bureau, the public Press, and to foreign countries.

The first Commissioner of the Bureau was the Hon. Henry Barnard, of New Haven, Conn., who was appointed in 1867, and remained in office until March, 1870. Hon. John Eaton was appointed in March, 1870, and continued in office until August, 1886. He resigned in the Spring of 1886, but his resignation was not accepted until the appointment of his successor, Hon. Nathaniel H. R. Dawson, of Alabama. The new Commissioner, Mr. Dawson, was born in Charleston, S. C., but when a child moved with his parents to Dallas County, Ala., in 1842, where he has since resided. He is a son of Lawrence E. Dawson, who was a distinguished lawyer of the Palmetto State. He is descended on the paternal side from John Huger and John Dawson, both of Charleston. The first was Mayor of the city in 1792, and the second was honored with the same office in 1806. On his mother's side he is descended from Dr. Nathaniel H. Rhodes and Paul Hamilton, of Beaufort, S. C. The latter was Governor of South Carolina in 1804-6, and Secretary of the Navy during Madison's Administration, in 1809-13. Colonel Dawson was educated at St. Joseph's College, Mobile, Ala. He is a lawyer, and has always pursued that profession, and was President of the State Bar Association of Alabama in 1884-5. He has been twice a member of the State Legislature, and was Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1880-1. In the campaign of 1872 he was one of the Democratic Presidential Electors. He was a member of the Charleston Convention in 1861, and served in the Confederate Army during the war. As Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee in 1884 he managed the Cleveland campaign in Alabama, and continued to serve until February,



WISCONSIN.—HON. J. M. RUSK, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANDY.

1886, when he resigned and became a candidate for Governor. He was the leading candidate in the convention, but was finally defeated after a protracted struggle. He has never sought any office except that of Governor. He was until recently a Trustee of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., and has been a Trustee of the University of Alabama since 1876. He was appointed and confirmed as Commissioner of Education, August 5th, 1886. He has also represented the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Alabama in several of the general conventions.

Colonel Dawson bears a very remarkable resemblance to the German Premier, Prince von Bismarck, being over six feet high, stout and compactly built, and of fine presence. As Commissioner, he has made an excellent impression upon all with whom he has been brought into official contact; and it is believed that he will prove to be emphatically "the right man in the right place."

#### GOVERNOR J. M. RUSK.

HON. J. M. RUSK, the Republican candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, is the present incumbent of that office, having served two terms. He has been an eminently efficient and popular official, but would not possibly have been nominated for a third term had he not been violently attacked by the Anarchist and



TAMING VIOLENT HORSES.—THE METHODS OF A PROFESSIONAL EDUCATOR.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 155.



## SCROFULA

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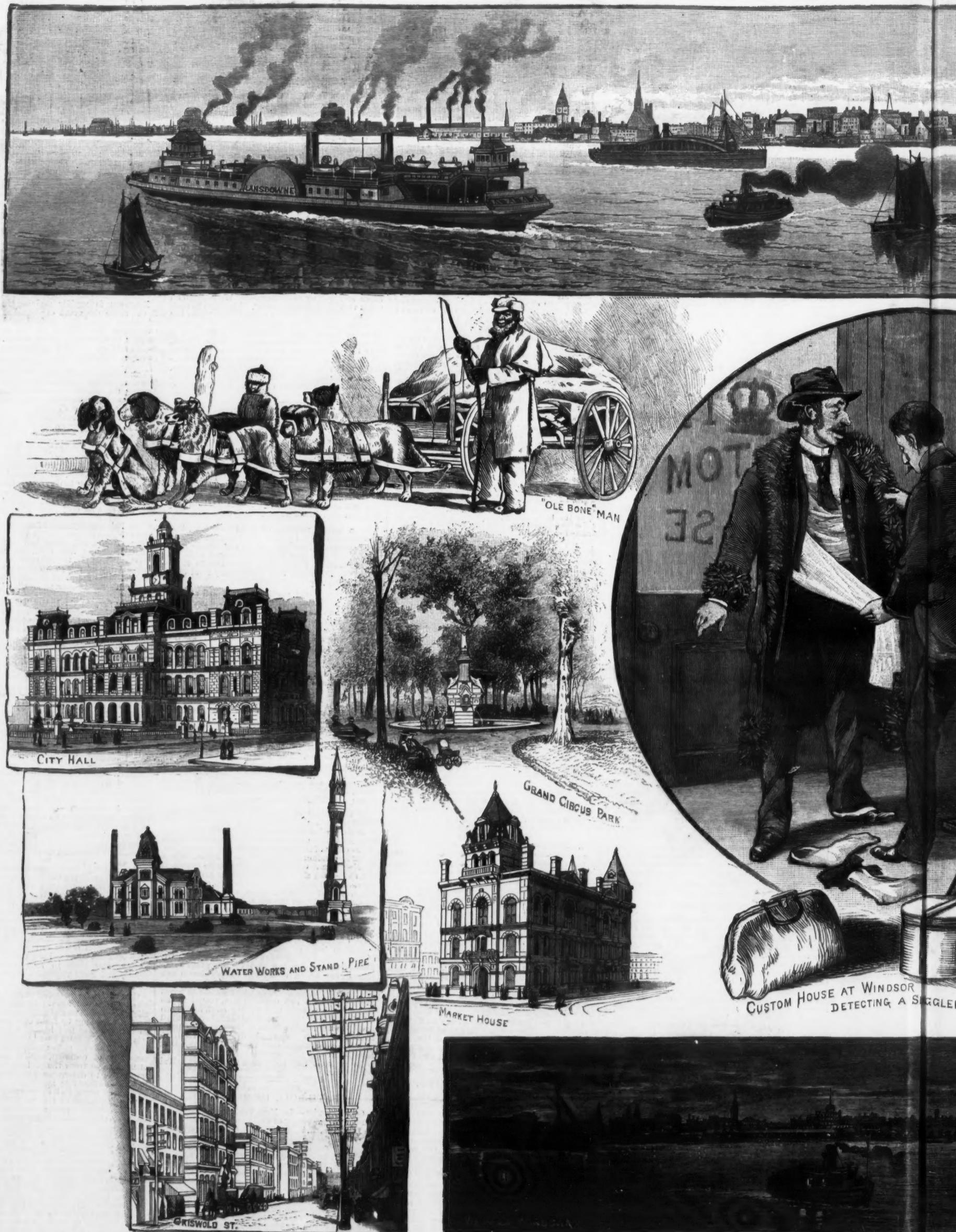
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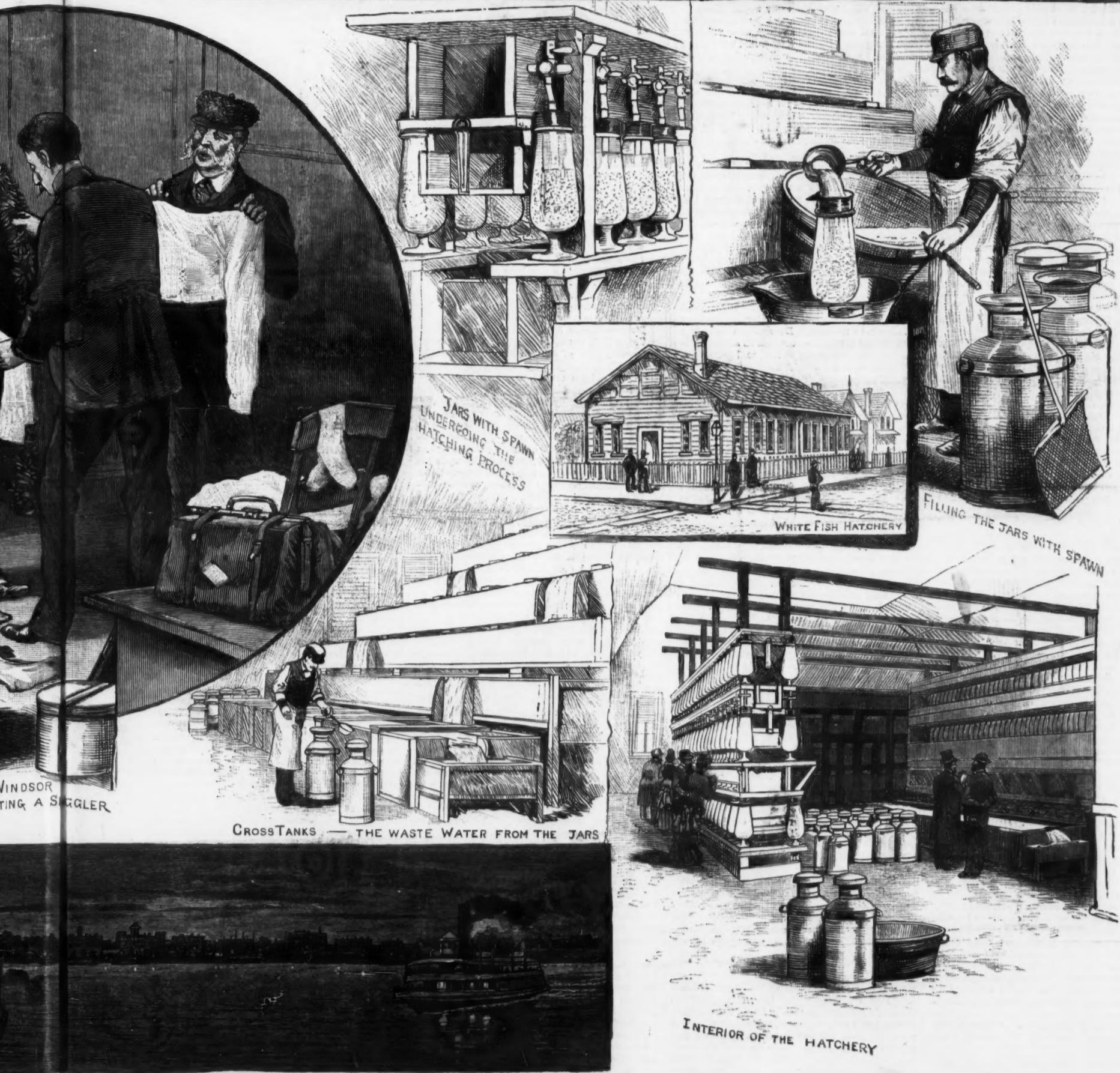
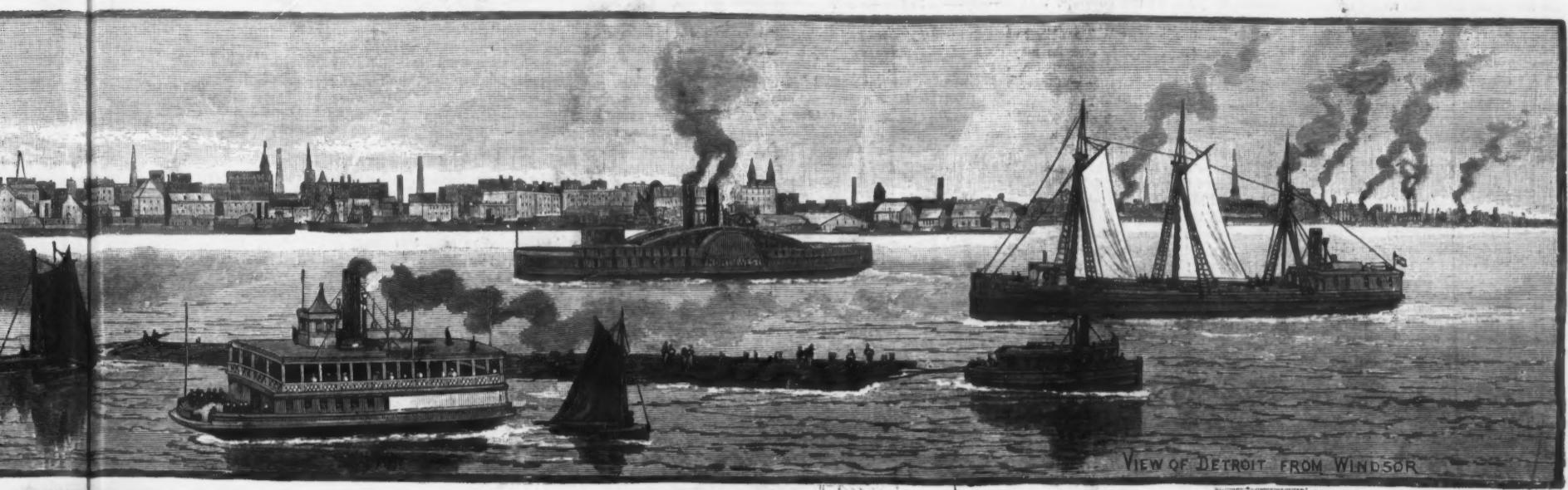
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MICHIGAN.—VIEWS IN AND ABOUT THE CITY OF DETROIT  
FROM SKETCHES BY C. L. M.—8



## TWO LOVES.

THE woman he loved, while he dreamed of her  
Danced on till the stars grew dim:  
But alone with her heart, from the world apart,  
Sat the woman who loved him.

The woman he worshiped only smiled  
When he poured out his passionate love,  
While the other somewhere kissed her treasure  
most rare—  
A book he had touched with his glove.

The woman he loved betrayed his trust,  
And he wore the scars thro' life;  
And he cared not, nor knew, that the other was  
true,  
But no man called her wife.

The woman he loved trod festal halls  
While they sang his funeral hymn;  
But the sad bells tolled ere the year was old  
O'er the woman who loved him.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE KENTS:  
Their Follies and Their Fortunes.

By HENRY T. STANTON,

Author of "Jacob Brown," "The Moneyless Man,"  
"Self-sacrifice," "Fallen," etc.

## CHAPTER IX.

ON the morning following Mardi Gras, Adams was particular to explain his abrupt departure the previous night by assigning as a reason a sudden faintness which overcame him and forced him into the open air. He did not feel well enough to return, and went early to his chamber. The sympathy of Marie was easily won, and the circumstance was immediately dismissed from her mind. She loved him with her whole heart, and there was no room in it for any shadow of doubt. It was lighted by his presence, and he was the one man that the world contained. His truth was no more to be questioned than her own. She contemplated no fault in his nature, and there was no force to subdue her faith in his love.

It was not so with William Kent. Gradually, and for no apparently substantial reason, he began to distrust Adams, and almost unconsciously commenced a close observance of his actions. There was little to be discovered, except in mere expressions of the eye and slight inconsistencies he could glean from frequent conversations.

One day he saw him talking earnestly with Mercer, and soon after asked him, casually:

"Who was your acquaintance with the sandy hair?"

The reply came promptly:

"His name is Hugh Mercer—a man I met in London."

He volunteered nothing more, and William asked nothing. He did not like the appearance of Mercer, nor could he understand why they should converse so closely, apart from others. It aroused his suspicion, but he had no right to say there was anything wrong.

That afternoon, when they were all together, the mail was brought by a servant, and handed to William. He ran over the letters, and, after a moment's scrutiny of the superscription of one of them, passed it to Adams, saying:

"It is from George, and postmarked at Rome."

Adams opened it eagerly, and read with apparent interest. His countenance lighted up and betrayed the utmost satisfaction. He held the envelope in his hand, gradually crushing it, and finally conveying the ball to his pocket. When he had finished, he handed the letter to Marie without a word. She read as eagerly as he, until she came to one part, when the blood rushed to her face, her hands dropped for a moment in her lap and her eyes filled with tears. Adams remained silent, but kept his gaze steadily upon her. She resumed reading, and having finished, handed the letter to William and left the room. As she did so, Adams extended his hand, and hers was placed in it for a moment.

The effect which the letter had upon William Kent was not easily observed. He seemed to have anticipated its contents. The corners of his mouth were closely drawn as his eye passed steadily over the lines, but there was no change of color in his face. He betrayed no surprise, but handed the letter back to Adams when he had finished, with the quiet remark:

"It is not as I would have had it, but George has the higher right to decide."

Adams said:

"You will understand the impatience and anxiety that prompted me to write, and I hope will not think badly of it."

"I have no right to interfere," saying which, William passed out of the room.

A smile of triumph passed over the face of Adams, and the darkness of its complexion was lighted. He sat for some time in pleasant contemplation of his success.

The letter seemed to have been written in reply to one from Adams, and it not only gave his consent to the marriage, but urged an early consummation, that his sister might be present at his own marriage, which was contemplated for May. It planned a summer tour through northern Europe, and was otherwise filled with pleasant suggestion.

About twelve o'clock that night, after Adams had left Marie, he and Mercer were together in his apartment.

"Do you know," said Mercer, "there is constant danger your game will be discovered and everything ruined?"

"Oh, there is always danger in every great enterprise. I have been in danger all my life. What alarms you now?"

"You say William Kent wrote to his brother more than a month ago, and it is nearly time he was receiving an answer. What will be the result if the answer comes before you are married?"

"Well, the result will be that I will get the letter, and William Kent will be none the wiser. The probability is that I will furnish a suitable answer to place in the envelope that covers the unsuitable one."

"But," said Mercer, "William Kent went to the post in person yesterday, and he may go every day."

"That is not likely, as they will leave to-morrow for the Bayou; and besides, my letter has settled the question, and there will be no anxiety to hear further. William Kent has not a shadow of suspicion that it was not written by his cousin, and my plan now is to hasten the marriage and obtain possession of the property."

"A good idea, and the sooner Miss Kent is Mrs. Adams the better it will be for us. But have you no fear that the woman you married at St. John's, in London, will give you trouble?"

"Nonsense! that woman had two husbands already. She will never be heard from again. Besides, 'fraud vitiates every contract,' and I can say, as old Adam did, 'The woman deceived me.'

Mercer advised him to be upon his guard, and to hasten the marriage, and they parted for the night.

William Kent and Marie went to Bayou de Grue the following day—Adams remaining at the St. Charles. Within a week there were letters from George to his sister and to William, all of which fell into the hands of Adams, by means of his intimacy at the business house through which the family mail was forwarded every week. He carefully opened the envelopes, and by his cunning with the pen made such answers as would best serve his purpose. George Kent would have taken the writing for his own, so well were his characters imitated.

Early in March the marriage took place at the home of George Kent, and the great crime was consummated. There was no brilliant wedding, and but few to witness the ceremony. Those who were present were neighbors and friends of the Kent family—chiefly from the surrounding plantations.

It was a subject of general comment, but none were astonished, either at the youth of the bride or at her alliance with a stranger. Early marriages are favored in the South, and as Marie had passed much of her life in the city, it was natural she should meet many persons from abroad.

The title-deeds to Marie's property were at once transferred to her husband by William, and at last Adams had reaped the fruit of his villainy. A few weeks served for a settlement of all his affairs, and about the first of April the couple sailed for Europe.

The desolation this event brought to the heart and home of William Kent was utter, and it drove him almost to madness. He suffered as only a strong, proud man can suffer, and in silence. The place became unbearable to him, and going back to New Orleans, he sought forgetfulness in society. He mingled with old associates, and tried to find oblivion in diversion. It was all in vain—a great cloud settled heavily upon him, and his heart became a charnel-house of hopes and ambitions.

One day, perhaps a month after the departure of Adams, he wandered into a public library, and with no defined purpose began turning the leaves of the bound file of a newspaper. He looked listlessly over the columns until, by a singular chance, his eye fell upon the announcement of the marriage between Gilbert Adams and Laura Felice. The paper proved to be the London *Times*. Had he been suddenly assailed with violence at his back, he could not have sprung to his feet and stood more rigidly. He glared at it, with one finger upon the paragraph and his eye upon the date of publication. Then he read it again, and, closing the volume, raised his left hand to his brow and went rapidly from the room. That night he grew delirious, and for weeks was prostrated with fever. Ill, and most of the time unconscious, his mail accumulated, and it was long before he had strength to examine it. At last he summoned courage and did so. A letter from George announced his marriage with Laura Felice. It did not move him. He had divined it all; but when he found messages to Marie, and realized that George knew nothing of her marriage, he fell back upon his pillow and sobbed like a child. He comprehended it all. He saw how the coil of the serpent had been about him and his, and he knew that what had been done could not be mended. It was a bitter cup, and he had drunk of it deeply.

"Poor Marie!" he said. "My darling! my darling!"

When sufficiently restored, he wrote at length to George, telling him all; and then, as speedily as he could, converted his entire estate into money and left for ever the home of his boyhood, his manhood and his misery.

After a lapse of years, in which he has been much changed, we now find him at the isolated home of his cousin upon the banks of the Holston River—a stream that divides two ranges of the great Appalachian chain of mountains in Southwestern Virginia—and here we take up the broken thread of our story.

## CHAPTER X.

UPON entering the home of his cousin, William Kent's first care was for the wet saddle-pockets. He made some observation about their having fallen into the water, and, without calling them his own, left the natural impression that they were. He declined the offices of a servant, and conveyed them, in his own hands, to the apartment assigned him. There he placed them where they would not be likely to attract observation and inspire the curiosity of a chambermaid. Had they contained jewels, he could not have been more careful in their disposal.

Having refreshed himself by a change of apparel, he returned to the chamber in which he had been received.

"You are papa's cousin William, and we thought you were papa!" exclaimed the little girl, as he entered.

"And you are my little cousin whose name I do not know," was his kind reply, as he took her hand.

"I am named Marie," the child said.

It needed no explanation. He caught her quickly in his arms, and, folding her closely, pressed his lips to her forehead, and hid the emotion betrayed by his face in the shining flood of golden hair.

"Our child was named for my husband's sister," said Mrs. Kent; and then she added: "You know something of her sad history?"

He answered, gravely:

"Yes, I have heard;" and, after a moment's pause: "You were looking for George. Where is he?"

"He has been absent more than a week, having gone to Knoxville upon business. We were looking for him when you came, and, at a distance, you were so like him that both Marie and I were deceived."

"But papa has no gray hairs, and his face is not so brown," said the child.

Mrs. Kent smiled, and said:

"Children are very close observers;" then, to the child: "But your papa is older than Cousin William."

She called him "Cousin" William, and the kinship was at once established between them.

"Only two years older," he said. "We closed at college together, and the difference in age was scarcely noticeable. I was always younger than I seemed."

At this point a slender, pale man, about thirty-two years of age, entered the apartment. There was nothing particularly striking about him, save his large eyes and light beard. He was well dressed, and had the appearance of having been an invalid. He walked directly to William Kent, and extended his hand. As he did so, he said:

"Laura, I do not require an introduction to Mr. Kent. I feel that I know him already;" then, to William, who was completely at a loss to understand his presence, or who he was: "I am Armstead Felice."

"Armstead Felice!" repeated William. "Laura's brother?" He looked into his face wondering, and then added: "I heard you were dead."

"But you see I am not, though I might have been, long ago, but for Laura and George. I am just now building up a new man upon the wreck of my old self. I have been an invalid for five years."

William continued to look thoughtfully into his face, and then asked:

"Were you not in Australia?"

"Yes, a little while, when quite a young man. The greater part of my life has been passed in Maryland."

There had been no communication between William Kent and his cousin George for nearly twelve years; but, by some means, William had become acquainted with almost every important fact connected with his history. He believed at first that George had married a mere adventuress, and that the wreck of the Kent family was due to the glamour thrown around him upon his visit to Rome, when little more than a boy. Upon the unfortunate marriage of Marie, after disposing of his estate in Louisiana, William became a restless wanderer; first going to the Gold Coast, thence to China and Japan, and finally back to California, where he settled at Los Angeles. It was in this balmy and fruitful climate that he proposed to end his days; but it happened, about five years after he left Louisiana, that he met at Chihuahua, in Mexico, the Englishman Allen Prine, from whom, by a mere accident, he learned almost everything connected with the affair which had brought such misery to Laura Felice. The man Prine was a fugitive from London, and was engaged in mining somewhere in the vicinity of Chihuahua, and he had no hesitation in making a full disclosure of all he knew, including his own complicity in the fraud and robbery of this poor girl.

From the moment William obtained this information his plans and feelings were revolutionized. He determined that he would go to London, and, if possible, verify the statements of Prine by finding the woman who had personated Laura at St. John's Church; then he would see his cousin George, and together they would hunt down the villain and betrayer of Marie.

Within sixty days after this development he was at London and engaged in the execution of his purpose. Employing proper persons to aid him, he soon learned that the facts were as stated by the coadjutor of Adams at Chihuahua, but that the woman had died within the year in which the fraud was perpetrated. This was another surprise and gratification to him, for it established the legitimacy of the marriage between George and Laura, at least so far as this marriage at St. John's Church was concerned. He obtained from the rector who performed the ceremony a statement that the woman he married as Laura Felice was "below the medium height, and had dark hair and eyes." He also obtained the official record of her death and burial. Having done this, he felt that, if nothing more was accomplished, he had proved the innocence of his cousin's wife, and had saved Laura from at least one danger of utter ruin.

His next step was to go directly to New Orleans, where he hoped to find George, and through him ascertain something of Marie. In this he met a sad disappointment, for he learned in that city that George had returned two years previous, but had disposed of his property and gone back to Europe—no one knew to what country. He decided, at once, to follow and find him, if in any part of the known world.

Unhappily for him and for Marie, in going over the flats at the mouth of the Mississippi, the vessel upon which he was a passenger, was towed within a cable's length of one in which Marie and her child were being towed up to the city. They might have seen each other from the decks, but they did not, so unkind was fate.

We shall not follow him through his long and patient, but fruitless, search for George, though the reader may readily understand that he learned much in relation to both him and Adams, as both were more or less known at several points.

Of Marie he heard little, and could trace her for a period of three years only by her marked beauty and quiet, sad manner. After that, Adams traveled unattended by her, and was frequently conspicuous at places of fashionable resort where gaming prevailed, but finally disappeared altogether.

Despirited at last, William Kent abandoned the search, and went sadly back to his new home at Los Angeles. Here, he had invested a large part of the proceeds of his Louisiana estate, and had now a productive and beautiful property. He remained upon it nearly five years, when a desire to revisit his old home came upon him, and he made the journey again.

Shortly after reaching New Orleans he learned of Marie's arrival with her child about the time of his departure. The person who told him said he heard she was in destitute circumstances, and he did not know what had become of her. From another, he learned that she had remained a year or more, but had gone North at the approach of the fever. This was all—and it rendered him almost desperate. He felt that she was yet alive and in this country—but where? In what direction should he turn to find a woman and child so situated? It appeared easy to find his cousin George in Europe, and he started upon that journey with confidence, because George had means and would be known in society—yet he failed to find him. How much harder would it be for him to find a poor woman who had no blood relation in the country, and who could not be conspicuous in society. He knew not what to do! At last it occurred to him to employ the Press. He thought an advertisement might reach her eye, or the eye of some person who knew her, and he placed the following in the *Delta*:

"W. K. will pay liberally for any information as to the present location of Mrs. Marie Adams. Address, St. Charles Hotel."

That afternoon he received a note addressed, "Mr. William Kent, St. Charles Hotel." It was signed by Madame Jouvet. He fairly sprang to his feet upon reading it, though it only said, "Come to see me this evening." He had forgotten the very person he should have sought first. He might have known that Marie, in distress, would have gone to her—and so it was.

He lost no time in reaching her residence, and there he learned all—not only the piteous relation of her troubles in Europe, but everything connected with her recent life. She had been an assistant teacher and member of Madame Jouvet's household for nearly two years, and had only left the city to save her child from the yellow fever. Her father and mother had died of that fearful malady, and she was unwilling to risk the life of her child at its appearance. She went further north, beyond the isothermal line, and finding a school at the small village of Millville, had made that her home for two years. She wrote regularly to Madame Jouvet, and poured her whole heart out to her. The good woman handed William a package of her letters, and told him he would find there everything he desired to know. He took them to his hotel, and that night read all—every word Marie had written. She knew that her brother and his wife were within a few miles of her—she had even seen them—but she had never been to the place, nor spoken with either. William understood it all. He knew the whole story, or thought he did, and for the first time in ten years he felt happy.

This will enable the reader to understand his presence at George Kent's, and his astonishment at meeting Armstead Felice.

That evening was perhaps the happiest he had passed in all the long interval since Marie's marriage, and though neither she nor George were present, he felt the throb of a new heart within his bosom and the dawn of a new morning in his career. He studied Laura minutely and with growing satisfaction. He saw in her the true woman, the beautiful and refined person who was worthy to be the wife of George, and she recognized in him a man of whose kinship her husband might well be proud. Through the evening meal they talked pleasantly and regrettfully of the past—Laura speaking with perfect freedom of her own affairs, of her brother Armstead, and even of Gilbert Adams; and Armstead taking part with quite as much freedom. Some matters were not mentioned that William knew of, but did not suggest.

Armstead finally said:

"You spoke of my being in Australia, and alluded to the report of my death. I was accidentally shot at Melbourne, the ball passing through my left lung, and the report reached America that I had died of the wound; but I was well to reach home in time to see my father die."

"And he has never recovered entirely from the wound," said Laura, "though I can see he is improving every day."

It was a delicate question, but William asked:

"What took you to Australia?"

Laura and Armstead both smiled, and he answered:

"Oh, I went there for safety at the suggestion of a couple of scoundrels, who persuaded me I would be hanged for breaking the neck of another scoundrel I had kicked down a flight of steps at a gambling den. I thought I had killed the fellow, but his neck was saved for the halter, no doubt. I was a reckless boy, Mr. Kent, and I fell into bad

company, but I hope the experience made a man of me. It came near killing Laura."

"Yes, I thought for a long while that Armstead had killed a woman—one who had been murdered the same night that he got into the trouble. They told me he had killed her; and Gilbert Adams was responsible for it all. Oh, he was a wretch for whom God will find no redemption!"

"Is he dead?" asked William.

"Yes; I saw an account of where he had been killed by one of his comrades, a man named Allen Prine, who was quite as bad as he, but not so accomplished."

William knew much more than she of this matter, but he said nothing.

After a pause he asked:

"And Marie—what of her?"

"Poor girl! We do not know. George sought her everywhere in Europe. He heard of her often during two or three years, but never found her. Adams abandoned her and her child, and we fear they are both dead."

(To be continued.)

#### VISIT TO VIRGINIA BATTLEFIELDS.

JOHN A. ANDREW POST, Grand Army of the Republic, of Boston, named in honor of the well-known War Governor of Massachusetts, have just paid a visit to many of their old battlefields. Their tour included Gettysburg, Shenandoah Valley, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge of Virginia, Richmond, Petersburg, Old Point Comfort, Washington, Baltimore and other points, at all of which they were welcomed with great enthusiasm. At Baltimore and Richmond their reception was especially hearty. At the latter city they were met by a committee of the Blue and Gray organization, and by Companies C, E and F, of the First Regiment; the Blues, the Stuart Horse Guards, R. E. Lee Camp, Phil Kearny Post, the United Veterans, and a large delegation of Massachusetts Knights of Labor, and escorted through some of the principal streets, amid peals of cheers, displays of fireworks and other demonstrations of welcome. Subsequently they were entertained at a banquet, which the Richmond *State* pronounces "one of the happiest among many similar very happy occasions that have taken place in that city since the war." During their stay they visited the points of interest about Richmond and at Petersburg, including the site of the mine which was exploded by the Union forces in July, 1864, with fearful loss of life, and of which we give an illustration.

#### THE MASTERY OF VICIOUS HORSES.

VERY interesting and picturesque are the exhibitions given by Professor Gleason, the well-known horse-tamer and educator, at the Cosmopolitan Hall, in this city. The means employed in subduing vicious or too high-spirited steeds, while necessarily vigorous, are neither cruel nor dangerous, and, we believe, meet with the approval of Mr. Berg himself. It is astonishing to see how quickly an unmanageable horse becomes docile, when once he discovers that he is mastered. On Wednesday evening of last week Dr. E. W. Miller's beautiful bay trotting stallion Indian Chief, known as the "Connecticut man-eater," learned his first lessons in obedience. After a desperate struggle lasting about an hour the handsome brute showed signs of yielding. Professor Gleason used his ordinary Eureka bridle and safety strap, supplemented by a revolver. The latter he fired directly in his face when the horse attempted to bite, and the method was so novel as to be thoroughly effective. The horse stopped kicking, followed his master at command, and paid attention to the word "whoa." The next evening he was shod for the first time, and driven to a wagon. On the same evening that he undertook the conquest of this stallion, Professor Gleason cured a gray mare, owned by L. M. Hand, of New York, and a black gelding owned in Jersey City, of the kicking habit. Neither had ever been driven in double harness, and Professor Gleason never before attempted to harness double two strange horses, both kickers and vicious. Yet he did it on this occasion, and the two owners drove them about the ring as if they had been accustomed to drive together for years. The driving was all done by the owners, the animals moving about the ring while the band played, drums were beaten, tin pans rattled, sleigh-bells rung, and flags and umbrellas waved all about them.

Some of the amusing and exciting incidents of an evening at the Cosmopolitan Hall are illustrated by our artist's spirited sketches, which explain themselves.

#### A CAKE FOR KING CUPID.

A LONDON paper says: "At a recent wedding reception at which some of the members of the new Cabinet figured as relatives and honored guests, the bride's cake was simply a magnificent structure—eight tiers, each varying in the style of ornamentation. The cake rested on a silver plateau, with a handsome filigree-work reaching slantwise from the plateau to the cloth of blue velvet, or plush, covered with lace. The edge of the blue material was a gold lace filigree and deep gold grass fringe, with horseshoes, 'for good luck,' worked at each of the four corners with gold thread and pearls. There was nothing on this table except the cake and a few bouquets of flowers in the new shaded grass. The cake was surrounded, about three inches distant, by a most exquisite wreath of stephanotis, kalanchoes, jasmines, La Dame Blanche heliotropes, and a white fuchsia, called 'Charming Bride.' Three double (entwined) horseshoes were on the upright rim of the first tier, amid a grouping of fern-leaves in white sugar-work. On the top was an artistic grouping of the two families' shields, crests, etc., and the new quartering allowed by the marriage. The shields were about eight inches long; the crests at their deepest point, two inches long. The succeeding tiers represented 'The Seven Ages of Man,' founded on Shakespeare's lines."

#### VENTILATION BY CHIMNEYS.

THE *Sanitary News*, of Chicago, having the inquiry if a bath-tub, water-closet or sink connecting with a cesspool thirty feet away would be best ventilated if the ventilator-pipe were run up through a chimney or along outside of it, submitted the communication to the Department of Health. Mr. De Wolf, the Commissioner, replies as follows: "If you mean to run the pipe into and through the smoke-flue, I unhesitatingly say do

not do it. First, because this permits the pipe to become unduly heated, thereby causing a very rapid upward movement of the air within the pipe, frequently so rapid as to cause the entire sewage in the horizontal drain and connecting traps to become frozen in the Winter months. Second, because of the destructive action upon iron pipes of sulphur compounds and other gases generated in the combustion of coal, which in a comparatively short time 'honeycombs' or perforates the pipe, thereby permitting drain air to be discharged directly into the building during fluctuating currents (at times when flues are not heated). Third, because of the possibility, if not probability, of concealed work being imperfectly done. The best method is to carry the drain vent pipe outside of but near to a heated flue, and continue same to a proper distance above the roof of building."

#### HONESTY OF THE SCANDINAVIANS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *St. Louis Republican*, writing from Stockholm, Sweden, says: "I said that the Scandinavians were honest. It was my custom, at Copenhagen, on going out of the hotel to hang the key of my door on the proper hook near the porter's desk. On returning I generally found it in the door of my room and the door itself unlocked. On remonstrating with the proprietor about this I was told that this was not Germany (he was too polite to say America), but that it was Denmark; that the Danes were honest, and that locking one's door was a useless formality in Copenhagen. From that time on I often left my door unlocked in Scandinavian hotels and never lost even a pin. In Norwegian hotels it is the practice for the guest not only to leave his shoes outside the door at night to be blackened, but to leave his coat, pants and vest outside on a chair to be brushed by one of the servants. I should smile to see a traveler expose his entire wardrobe in this wise to the hotel thieves in St. Louis. Honesty is so far presumed upon in Scandinavia, that on the steamboats which ply between Copenhagen and Christiania the passenger, no matter how much or how little he patronizes the table or the bar, keeps his own account of what he eats and drinks, and renders his bill to the steward of the boat, and pays it before leaving. If I had not seen every passenger, more than a hundred in number, on a large steamer do this, and had not done it myself, I would not have believed that such a custom could exist. Each passenger would hand to the steward a little list in pencil of what he had eaten and drunk, and the steward would mark the price opposite each item, foot it up and receive payment. The steward had kept no account whatever with any passenger, but had trusted to each one implicitly to keep his own account. Some foreigners, who were not aware of the custom, and some bibulous persons whose memories had been obscured by an excess of drink, were put to much trouble to render their reckoning."

#### A CURIOUS INDIAN LEGEND.

THE Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* says: "The Passamaquoddy still cling to their old and poetic notion of the nature of thunder. They believe that the rumble of the thunderstorm and the flashes of the lightning are the demonstrations of thunder-spirits who are playing ball and shooting their arrows in the heavens. There is a tradition that a Passamaquoddy Indian one day expressed a desire that he might become 'a thunder.' All at once his companions saw him mounting to the sky in the smoke of the camp fire. He was taken up to the abode of the thunders, placed in a long box, and by some mysterious process invested with the properties and existence of a thunder-spirit—or, as Louis Mitchell puts it, he was 'thunderified.' He lived for seven years among the thunders, played ball with them in the sky, shot his gleaming arrows with them at the birds they are always chasing towards the south, married a female thunder-spirit, and pursued an active and contented life of thunder and lightning. Seven years after his translation a violent storm passed over the encampment of the Passamaquoddy: there was an unusual and frightful contention among the thunder-spirits; the rumbles were more terrific than Passamaquoddy ear had ever heard; the air smelled of brimstone; the sky blazed with red and yellow flames; the clouds opened and great forks of fire shot out of them; the rain fell in sheets; peal answered peal; one tongue of lightning spat out fire to another; the affrighted Passamaquoddy, who never had held such a storm, believed that the legions of the thunder-spirits were waging their most awful war. They fell down and crossed themselves. In the midst of their alarm they saw a human form slide down into their camp on a beam of light. It was their old friend, who had made his escape from pursuing thunders, shaken off his 'thunderified' existence and returned to them. He had changed somewhat, but his old friends knew him. He lived with the tribe till he died."

#### A SCIENTIST'S ESCAPE.

THE New York *Sun* says: "Six years ago Dr. Junker, a distinguished Russian ethnologist and explorer, buried himself in the depths of Africa to pursue his scientific labors. Schweinfurth, a few years before, had brought home many facts about two very remarkable tribes, the Niam-Niams and the Monbutos, and it was these peoples and their country northeast of the great northern bend of the Congo that Dr. Junker proposed thoroughly to study. He went to Africa at his own expense, and for four years lived alone among these tribes, dwelling in their huts, eating fried ants and other unique products of Niam-Niam cookery, studying their languages and customs, and exploring their country. He found that the Niam-Niams were not anthropophagi, as Schweinfurth had believed."

"Dr. Junker at last concluded his labors, and was about to return to Europe with his large collections, when the Soudanese uprising in the north and tribal wars in the south cut off his retreat and made him practically a prisoner in the heart of Africa. Last year two expeditions, one from Zanzibar and the other from the Congo, were sent to his relief. We had only just heard that one of these expeditions had returned to the coast, defeated, and that the other was still struggling towards its destination, when the welcome news came last week that Dr. Junker had escaped the perils that environed him, and his now on his way from Victoria Nyanza to Zanzibar."

"Dr. Junker is one of the few scientific men of established reputation who, in the interest of their special studies, have cheerfully cut themselves off from the civilized world, and for years braved manifold dangers in deadly climates and among

savage tribes. His welcome home will be all the heartier because more sciences than one are likely to profit by his self-sacrificing labors."

#### THE DUST-SHOWERS OF PEKIN, CHINA.

A RECENT number of the *American Meteorological Journal* contains an article on the notorious dust-storms of Pekin. These occur in the dry season, especially in Winter and early Spring. They come on at irregular intervals, perhaps six or eight times in the season, and last about three days. The wind is westerly, most often northwest, and blows fresh or high. The condition of the streets of Pekin, evil as that is, would not account for the heavy clouds of dust that come down with the storm. The mouth and eyes have to be protected from the fine dust, which penetrates the closest room, and makes food to taste gritty. This abundant dust is spread over a large area, extending eastward from Pekin to the sea and southeastward, regularly descending as far south as the Yellow River, and sometimes Shanghai, ten degrees of latitude away. The writer of the paper says this vast quantity of dust must come from the great deserts of Mongolia. A series of observations during one of these storms showed a fall in the thermometer when it came on, and a rapid change in the barometer, which rose from 786 mm. to 797 mm., making several rises and falls of less magnitude in the meantime. The clouds, which the day before had been unbroken, rapidly cleared away; the sun was so obscured that it could not be inspected by the naked eye; it was also set in a ring. The wind showed diurnal variations, the air was dry, and one had a feeling of malaise and nervousness. After the wind went down, the barometer remained high for a day or two, and on its descent there was another, but much less marked, dust-storm. The storm thus appears to have been a gale accompanying an area of high pressure, which came from the Desert of Gobi and traveled eastward. The dryness of the wind and its abundant dust were in part due to this desert, which lies west and northwest of Pekin, and is not far away. In his great work on China, Richthofen discusses the geological effects of these storms, which are observed throughout the south and west of the Desert of Gobi, and further west are much worse than at Pekin."

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

TUESDAY, the 12th inst., was the 394th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

THE paper gas and water pipes introduced so extensively in Vienna some time ago, it is claimed, are a complete success.

NEW YORK builders and architects report unusual activity in real estate throughout the city. Building is also very active in Brooklyn. During September permits were taken out for 401 buildings, which will cost over \$2,000,000.

BISMARCK thinks of nothing but war. At a railway station in Saxony, stopping to change trains, he addressed porter by whose side stood a little boy. "Is that your son?" "Yes, your Excellency." "Have you any more?" "Four, your Excellency." "That is well. They will make good soldiers. God bless them!"

THE October report of the Department of Agriculture shows an average yield of 12½ bushels of wheat from an area of 37,000,000 acres, or an increase of about 100,000,000 bushels over last year's crop. The oats crop is over 600,000,000 bushels: barley, nearly 60,000,000 bushels; rye, upwards of 26,000,000 bushels; corn, at least 1,650,000,000 bushels.

THE Nebraska idea of giving the people of a State a chance to indicate their preference for United States Senator is spreading. The Republican Convention of Nevada inserted in its platform a plank requesting the Legislature of that State to pass a law providing for the indication of such preference by votes in future elections, and if the Republicans carry the contest this Fall the Nebraska plan will undoubtedly be grafted on the laws of the Sagebrush State.

THE war feeling in France is said to be growing. The Boulanger party have begun the issue of two new journals to advocate an offensive policy in vindication of the old military prestige of France. General Boulanger, however, disowns any connection with the papers. The strictest taboo of everything in German is being observed. M. Lockroy, Minister of Commerce, has ordered the police to prosecute all persons selling boxes of toys imported from Germany and containing a map of France without Alsace.

UNDER the caption of "A Bald and Toothless Future," Virgil G. Eaton contributes to the *Popular Science Monthly* results of his observations of bald-headed men—amongst others the following, taken in Boston: "Trinity Church, 243 men; 72 actually bald, 46 indications of baldness. King's Chapel, 86 men; 38 actually bald, 14 indications of baldness. Hollis Street Theatre, orchestra at performance of 'The Mikado,' 63 men; 27 actually bald, 10 indications. The Boston Theatre, 'Judic,' 126 men; 51 actually bald, 43 indications. These observations were taken from the more cultivated classes of society, and do not give a fair representation of the Boston head, as repeated calls at the dime museums and cheaper variety performances demonstrated. . . . In fact, out of hundreds of observations, extending over several years, I have found that the higher the price of admission, and presumably the more refining the nature of the performance, the larger the per cent. of bald heads."

THE practice of eating considerable quantities of clay, as a necessary supplement to too insufficient nourishment, is known to be almost universally diffused among the savage people of Africa, America and Asia. But the practice is not confined entirely to those thus necessitated. Among the Indians of the banks of the Amazon, clay forms a part of the fare, even when other food is abundant. Edible earth is sold in the markets of Bolivia, and a kind which has an agreeable odor is much esteemed among the Peruvians. The Indians of the Dutch colonies of Java and Sumatra submit an edible clay to a peculiar preparation—reducing it to a paste with water, separating all foreign matter from it, and spreading it out in thin layers, which are cut into small cakes and cooked in a saucepan over a charcoal fire; each of these little cakes, which is rolled up, looks like a piece of dry bark, the color being sometimes that of slate and sometimes brown; this singular food has a slightly aromatic flavor which offsets its earthy taste.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is reported that ex-President Gonzales was recently assassinated in an interior town of Mexico.

THE Catholics of the Archdiocese of Baltimore have presented Cardinal Gibbons with a check for \$30,000.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND usually wears a flower on his coat-lapel now, something he rarely did before he was married.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has concluded his lecture tour in Ireland. His last lecture in London was attended by 2,000 persons.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE presented to the delegation of Irishwomen who visited them at Hawarden, recently, their autographs, written on the finest white cards.

THE wife of the Tichborne claimant is singing in a concert-hall in New York city, while her husband, whose lecture in this country ended so disastrously, is on his back, ill.

GEORGE H. WATROUS, President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, is the candidate of the anti-Hawley men for United States Senator in Connecticut.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria has returned to Darmstadt, and is residing in his father's palace there. He recently sold twenty-six horses which he brought with him from Sofia.

ON the streets of Richmond, General Cassius M. Clay recently met one of his daughters, and passed her without knowing who she was. His wife and children both left him several years ago.

THE Crown Prince of Italy, who will attain his seventeenth year on the 11th of November, will have to stand his private examination, a few weeks hence, for the grade of sub-lieutenant in the army.

LIEUTENANT HENN, of the *Galatea*, is to be elected to honorary membership in the New York Yacht Club. His American yachting experience during the past season has cost him about \$10,000.

GENERAL JOSEPH UHRICH, the defender of Strasbourg during the Franco-German War, is dead. With only 3,600 regular troops he held the city for two months against an overwhelming German army.

M. DE LESSEPS sailed from Havre last Saturday for New York, where he will take part in the ceremonies in connection with the dedication of Bartholdi's statue of Liberty. He is accompanied by Count Napoleon Ney.

ALFRED A. TAYLOR, the Republican candidate for Governor of Tennessee, has become ill from his exhaustive tour of the State, and been forced to retire from the stump. Emerson Ethridge is advertised to take his place.

A GERMAN paper says that Herr Wachtel, the famous singer, is suffering from enlargement of the heart and dropsy. He has recently undergone an operation, which relieved him somewhat, and he is now able to leave his room, although not yet out of danger.

ANDREW CARNEGIE has added \$25,000 to his fund for a free library in Alleghany, Pa. The architect found that the original donation of \$250,000 would not be enough, and Mr. Carnegie on hearing this immediately added ten per cent. to his contribution.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has nominated Colonel James C. Duane, Corps of Engineers, to be Brigadier-general and Chief of Engineers, vice John Newton, retired, and Colonel Orlando W. Wilcox, Twelfth Infantry, to be Brigadier-general, vice J. H. Potter, retired.

THE publishers of General Grant's "Memoirs" have so far paid to Mrs. Grant, on account of the profits on the work, \$350,000. Another payment of \$100,000 will be paid within two or three months, and it is believed that the widow's total receipts from the book will reach \$600,000.

WILLIAM FERRIT, of New Orleans, has been re-elected by the President as the successor of Supervising Architect Bell of the Treasury Department. Mr. Ferrit is a Creole and is about forty years old. His brother, James Ferrit, and himself have been the most successful architects in the South.

MAXWELL, the condemned murderer, who is awaiting execution in St. Louis, is said to have become completely unversed, and to show in every movement his distress. He rolls and tosses all night, talks and starts in his sleep, and is said to be haunted by a vision of the murdered Preller.

"ADIRONDACK MURRAY" was married last week to Miss Frances M. Rivers, of Montreal. Mr. Murray's divorced wife is practicing medicine in New Haven, Conn. It is stated that his daughter is engaged to a young Englishman who resides in London, and who is possessed of considerable wealth.

J. MCNEIL WHISTLER is about to revisit America, his native land. He will exhibit a collection of his pictures, and deliver his famous "Ten O'clock" lecture, under the business management of D'Oyley Carte. The eccentric artist writes that December is the time fixed upon by the fates for his arrival in New York.

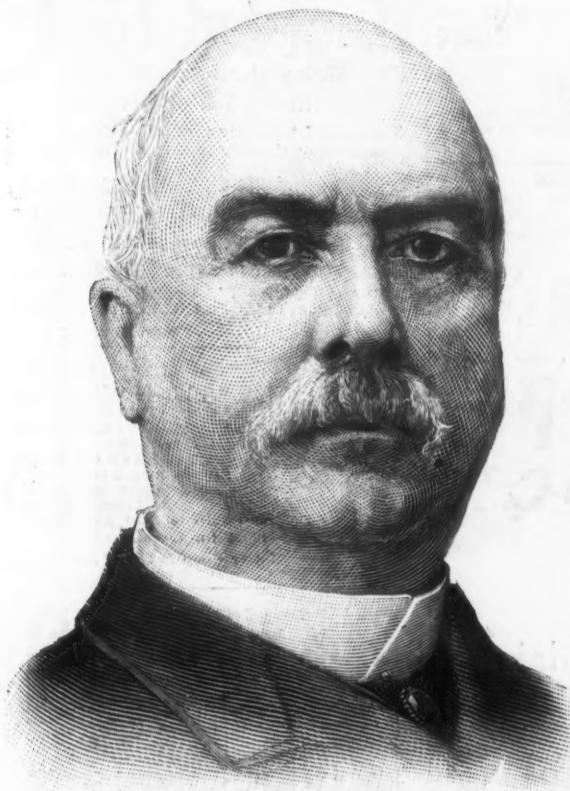
MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, who, with her husband, is visiting this country, is collaborating with Justin McCarthy in the writing of a novel to be entitled "The Ladies' Gallery." Mrs. Praed has already written much and charmingly, her most successful novel being "Nadine." Mr. Campbell Praed is a nephew of Praed the poet.

THE President has pardoned Ammon M. Lenny, J. C. Kemp and J. R. Christofferson, three bishops of the Mormon Church who were convicted in Arizona



VISIT OF JOHN A. ANDREW POST, G. A. R., OF BOSTON, TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF VIRGINIA—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE MINE AT PETERSBURG, EXPLODED IN JULY, 1864, WITH A UNION AND CONFEDERATE LOSS OF 5,500 MEN.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 155.



ALABAMA.—HON. NATHANIEL H. R. DAWSON, THE NEW UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

PHOTO. BY HANDY.

HON. NATHANIEL H. R. DAWSON,  
THE NEW UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

THE United States Bureau of Education is one of several which constitute the Department of the Interior, and was established by Act of Congress in 1867 for the purpose of aiding the people of the country in establishing and maintaining efficient public-school systems, and incidentally aiding education in other ways. The office, under the law and usage of the Department, makes an annual report about the condition and progress of public schools and other teaching agencies, elementary, intermediate and higher, throughout the United States and Territories. This report forms a part of the documents which accompany the annual message of the President to Congress; and copies of the report are printed for public information by concurrent resolution of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

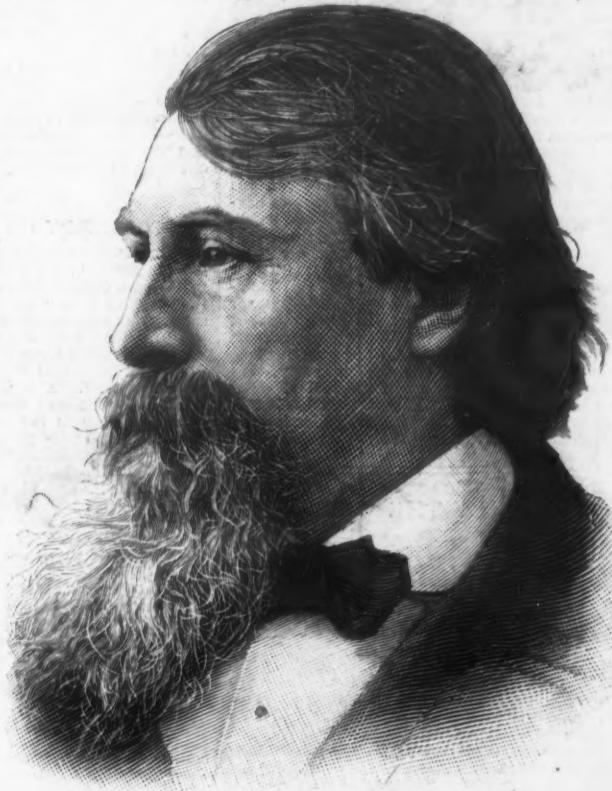
The Bureau of Education collects the information published in its annual reports and occasional pamphlet issues, through the co-operation of the superintendents of school systems and the managing officers of colleges, academies and other schools of learning in the several States and Territories of the country. It has no executive authority over any system, college or school in any of the States or organized Territories, nor does it interfere with the management of Indian schools therein. Its duty is merely

advisory, and it is intended as a help to the school officers and teachers of the country by presenting facts and collecting statistics which may be of wider scope and more trustworthy character than the time and the other duties of such officers and teachers usually permit them to collect and discuss for themselves.

The Bureau is also charged with the duty of responding to the inquiries of foreign Governments respecting the conditions and progress of education, the methods of instruction and the instrumentalities for culture in this country, and receives similar information from foreign ministries of education for the public of the United States.

The office of the Bureau is in a tall, brick building at the corner of Eighth and G Streets, Northwest, in Washington, wherein, besides the personnel of the office, are contained a large and valuable library of educational reports, treatises and documents, domestic and foreign, and an interesting collection of educational apparatus and pupils, work, native and other. The Bureau is visited daily by persons from many parts of the country and from other nations. For example, during the past week several pupils from a public High School have consulted many books in the library; the Japanese Minister, accompanied by a traveler from his country, the Sub-secretary of Education in Costa Rica, with an interpreter, and a School Principal from Finland, visited the Commissioner. Every proper assistance in examining and understanding any matter relating to American education is rendered to all visitors who desire it. The correspondence of the Bureau includes every part of the United States, and officials and other persons from nearly every country in the world. During the year 1885 nearly 40,000 letters of various kinds were received and answered, and about 360,000 copies of the official publications were distributed to the correspondents of the Bureau, the public Press, and to foreign countries.

The first Commissioner of the Bureau was the Hon. Henry Barnard, of New Haven, Conn., who was appointed in 1867, and remained in office until March, 1870. Hon. John Eaton was appointed in March, 1870, and continued in office until August, 1886. He resigned in the Spring of 1886, but his resignation was not accepted until the appointment of his successor, Hon. Nathaniel H. R. Dawson, of Alabama. The new Commissioner, Mr. Dawson, was born in Charleston, S. C., but when a child moved with his parents to Dallas County, Ala., in 1842, where he has since resided. He is a son of Lawrence E. Dawson, who was a distinguished lawyer of the Palmetto State. He is descended on the paternal side from John Huger and John Dawson, both of Charleston. The first was Mayor of the city in 1792, and the second was honored with the same office in 1806. On his mother's side he is descended from Dr. Nathaniel H. Rhodes and Paul Hamilton, of Beaufort, S. C. The latter was Governor of South Carolina in 1804-6, and Secretary of the Navy during Madison's Administration, in 1809-13. Colonel Dawson was educated at St. Joseph's College, Mobile, Ala. He is a lawyer, and has always pursued that profession, and was President of the State Bar Association of Alabama in 1884-5. He has been twice a member of the State Legislature, and was Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1880-1. In the campaign of 1872 he was one of the Democratic Presidential Electors. He was a member of the Charleston Convention in 1861, and served in the Confederate Army during the war. As Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee in 1884 he managed the Cleveland campaign in Alabama, and continued to serve until February,



WISCONSIN.—HON. J. M. RUSK, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANDY.

1886, when he resigned and became a candidate for Governor. He was the leading candidate in the convention, but was finally defeated after a protracted struggle. He has never sought any office except that of Governor. He was until recently a Trustee of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., and has been a Trustee of the University of Alabama since 1876. He was appointed and confirmed as Commissioner of Education, August 5th, 1886. He has also represented the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Alabama in several of the general conventions.

Colonel Dawson bears a very remarkable resemblance to the German Premier, Prince von Bismarck, being over six feet high, stout and compactly built, and of fine presence. As Commissioner, he has made an excellent impression upon all with whom he has been brought into official contact; and it is believed that he will prove to be emphatically "the right man in the right place."

#### GOVERNOR J. M. RUSK.

HON. J. M. RUSK, the Republican candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, is the present incumbent of that office, having served two terms. He has been an eminently efficient and popular official, but would not possibly have been nominated for a third term had he not been violently attacked by the Anarchist and



TAMING VIOLENT HORSES.—THE METHODS OF A PROFESSIONAL EDUCATOR.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 155.

Socialist element for his patriotic course during the riots last Spring in Milwaukee. He is now most vindictively opposed by the professional labor agitators, who have placed a State ticket in the field, in the hope that they may succeed in drawing from him enough votes of a certain class to insure his defeat. This movement, however, has led to a counter demonstration in favor of Governor Rusk among Democratic business men, who found that the Anarchists and agitators who fomented the riots in May were arrayed solidly against him, and that the Democratic politicians encouraged them in their course. The issue having thus resolved itself into one of law and order, there has been a great stampede of influential Democrats to the Rusk standard. Among them are Judge A. Scott Sloan, Judge Briley, Alexander Mitchell, John Johnston, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Abner Kirby, one of the pioneer Mayors of the city; George Hiles, a prominent lumberman, and many of the leading merchants of Milwaukee and other cities. The result will be the re-election of the capable executive, but whether by an increased or diminished plurality is yet to be seen. His plurality in 1881 was 11,957, while in 1884 it was 19,269. Probably his plurality next month will not vary greatly from this latter figure.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

THE spoils-hunters are said to be crowding into Washington in great numbers.

THE Republicans of New York city have nominated Mr. Theodore Roosevelt for Mayor.

ALL efforts to adjust the strike of the pork-packers of Chicago have so far failed. The strikers are especially vindictive towards the Armour firm, and threaten to boycott its meats all over the country.

THE assessed valuation of property in Dakota is about \$130,000,000, an increase of \$24,000,000 during the past year. The debt of the Territory is \$568,200; the Territorial tax for this year, 24-10 mills. The total county indebtedness in the Territory is a little over \$3,000,000.

A SEVERE storm swept over the Western States on the 14th instant. At Detroit, Mich., the wind was fifty-two miles per hour, destroying trees, roofs and electric lights, putting the city in darkness. A number of frame buildings in the suburbs of Chicago were blown down. The town of Lehmann, consisting of fifty frame houses, was entirely demolished.

THE Knights of Labor Assembly adopted, last week, the following: "This organization recognizes the civil and political equality of all men, and in the broad field of labor recognizes no distinction on account of color; but it has no purpose to interfere with or disrupt the social relations which may exist between the different races in the various parts of the country."

THE National Council of the Congregational Church convened in Chicago last week. The report of the Home Missionary Society shows that it occupies 3,000 stations, not including 2,500 churches planted and brought to self-support by the Society's help. The names of 4,700 churches are contained in the record of the Society's work, and more than 300,000 persons are gathered into its fold.

## FOREIGN.

AN official statement shows that the value of exports from Germany to America during the fiscal year ending in September was \$20,000,000 more than for the preceding fiscal year.

THE Bulgarian Government will send a deputation to each of the Powers, including Russia, to ask them to name a candidate for the Bulgarian throne. If the Powers do not reply, the Government will act independently, and will probably appoint M. Stambuloff Regent.

IT is said that the Hova Government in Madagascar is now on more friendly terms with the French Resident. It has placed the construction of a telegraph line between Tamatave and the capital in French hands, and operators to work the line are about to leave Marseilles.

## SUNSET COX'S LIFE ABROAD.

HON. S. S. COX, who is now in New York, on leave of absence from his Ministerial post at Constantinople, speaking in a recent interview, of his life in the Orient, said he went there because he wanted a rest, which the President offered him. He had written his book, "Union, Disunion and Reunion," while doing Congressional work, and was worn out. On presentation at court, the Sultan asked if he had ever before been in Constantinople. "Oh, yes," I said; "I came here on my honeymoon, thirty-five years ago, and I remember seeing you, then only twelve years old, with your father." The Sultan presented me to his son, and both of them were very kind to me. I first lived with our Consul at Therapia, twelve miles from the city, where all the Ministers live. Some of them have palaces as large and rich as the Sultan's, and maintain them on a most extensive scale. Last Spring I moved to Prinkipo, one of the Princes' Islands, so-called because the Byzantine princes had their palaces there, and where afterwards great monasteries were built. There are about 5,000 Greeks on the island, and the society is most charming. Every woman is a Minerva, and every man looks like a Demosthenes. It is an hour's ride from the city. I went there because of the pine groves with which it abounds. When I awoke in the morning I quaffed the resinous aroma, and grew tipsy with good health. Mount Olympus was in sight of my villa, and the water of the Bosphorus is as blue as the softest sky. With our launch I made many pleasant trips over those blue waters. I was living in scenes made famous in ancient and Scriptural history, and read Gibbon again and the Iliad and Odyssey. Homer's pictures are reproduced there to-day. In some of our trips I took a photographer along, and caught some of the prettiest. I wrote a lot of manuscript which I call 'Among the Princes' Diversions of a Diplomat,' which I may publish and illustrate. Our flag always floated from the launch and the legation. In a short time all our neighbors knew us, and their children used to sing to us little Greek songs, pretty and romantic, as we passed. I could easily have been elected to Congress from that district."

Mr. COX interested himself in American missionary work, which is quite extensive in the Ottoman Empire, representing a capital of from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000, and teaching 50,000

children. The schools are conducted in English. It is a common thing there for children to understand a half-dozen languages. They need to do so, for Mr. COX says it has been claimed that seventy-two languages or dialects are spoken in Constantinople, and he himself has seen on the bridge over the Golden Horn people of so many nationalities as to remind him of a gorgeous bazaar—people from Sinai, Nubia, Egypt, Albania, and the gaudy gold-coated Montenegrins, all at one time, to say nothing of people less known.

## MR. POWDERLY ON SOCIAL EQUALITY.

GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY has published a letter in reply to the criticisms of his action in asking a colored delegate to introduce him at the opening of the Assembly in Richmond. He says: "My sole object in selecting a colored man to introduce me was to encourage and help to uplift his race from a bondage worse than that which held him in chains twenty-five years ago, viz., mental slavery. I desire to impress upon the minds of white and black that the same result followed action in the field of labor whether that action was on the part of Caucasian or Negro labor. As to social equality, the sanctity of the fireside circle cannot be invaded by those who are not welcome. Every man has the right to say who shall enter beneath his roof, who shall occupy the same bed, private conveyance or such other place as he is master of. My critics have forgotten that personal liberty and social equality stand side by side. While I have no wish to interfere with the social relations existing between the races in the South, I have a strong desire to see the black man educated. Southern labor, regardless of its color, must learn to read and write. Southern cheap labor is more a menace to the American toiler than the Chinese, and this labor must be educated. Will my critics show me how the laws of social equality will be harmed by educating the black man so that he may know how to conduct himself as a gentleman? Will they explain how a knowledge of the laws of his country will cause a man to violate the laws of social equality? Will they in a cool, dispassionate manner explain to me whether an education will not elevate the moral standard of the colored man, and will they tell me that such a thing is not necessary? Will it be explained to me whether the black man should continue to work for starvation wages with so many able-bodied colored men in the South who do not know enough to ask for living wages? It is not hard to guess that while this race continues to increase in numbers and ignorance prosperity will not even knock at the door, much less enter the home, of the Southern laborer, and that country that has an abundance of ill-fed, ill-bred laborers is not nor cannot be a prosperous one."

## FUN.

A TOURIST without money is a tramp. A tramp who has money is a tourist. —*Texas Siftings*.

IF it is a case of cut or bruise, or break or sprain, SALVATION OIL will settle matters for 25 cents.

A SHIPWRECKED sailor waiting for a sail is like a business man sitting at home and nursing a cough or cold. Get DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP and be cured.

JENKINS—"What does Dawdle do for a living?" JOHNSON—"Nothing! He lives on his wits!" Jenkins (sympathetically)—"Poor devil! I don't suppose he ever gets a decent meal." —*Lowell Citizen*.

## WHAT WAS THE SPLENDOR OF A SEPTEMBER DAY.

It was a bright day in New Orleans, La., on Tuesday, September 14th, 1886, the 19th Grand Monthly (the Quarterly Extraordinary) Drawing of the world-renowned Louisiana State Lottery, when some \$522,000 was scattered to all quarters of the globe by the wheel of fortune under the sole care of Generals G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, and Jubal A. Early, of Virginia. Every one wants to know all about it. No. 31,588 drew the First Capital Prize of \$150,000 (sold in tenths at \$1 each); one was paid through Clark County Bank of Osceola, Ia., to George W. Fouch there; one to Señor Amaro Arango Bibeiro, Boston, Mass.; one to John Connor, care Cammack & Decker, Twenty-eighth Street, between I and K Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.; one to Paul Bunker, Oriental Warehouse, First and Branman Streets, San Francisco, Cal.; another was paid through Wells, Fargo & Co., Bank of San Francisco, Cal.; the others desired their names withheld from publicity. No. 3,479 won the Second Capital Prize (also sold in tenths at \$1 each); one to L. L. Fosse, care K. B. Olson & Co., 90 Superior Street, Chicago, Ill.; one to Mrs. J. C. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; one was paid to J. G. Lallande, the runner of the New Orleans National Bank for a depositor there; two others were paid to Exchange Bank of Dallas, Tex.; the others are desirous of avoiding publicity. No. 72,499 drew the Third Capital Prize, \$20,000; one half of it (\$10,000) was held by Messrs. Eduardo Marquez del Pino and Lazar Vila, No. 322 East Thirteenth Street, New York city, and the other half by T. R. Lee, Philadelphia, Nos. 58,613 and 72,983 drew the two Fourth Capital Prizes of \$10,000 each sold in tenths at \$1 each; to parties residing in Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., Louisville, Ky., and Portland, Dak., etc., etc. —*Daily News*, October 7th.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to DR. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

BIRD MANNA restores the song of cage birds and keeps them in perfect health. Sent for 10¢ in stamps. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Phila.

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Cholera  
ramps  
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all  
Summer Complaints  
and all  
Bowel Troubles  
are cured by  
Perry Davis's  
Pain  
Killer  
All druggists sell it.

## THE WOMEN AT HOME.

Our mothers, wives and daughters' Home is not home at all without them. Yet they may die and leave the house silent and sad any day. Husbands and fathers, a word in your ear. The ladies are not always to blame when they are low-spirited and "cross." They are sick. Put a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy on the shelf, and tell them to use it. The color will come back to their cheeks and the laugh to their lips. Complaints

## ARE LINKED TOGETHER.

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A medicine that is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints. Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women. It proves successful in cases where other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for many years, and has won hosts of friends.

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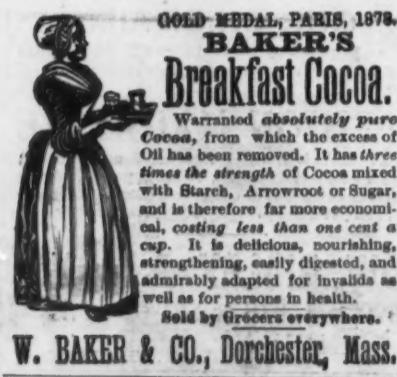


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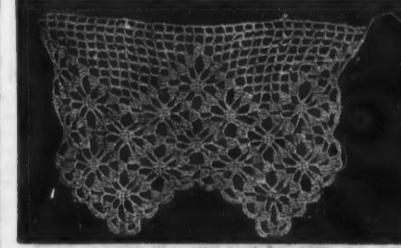
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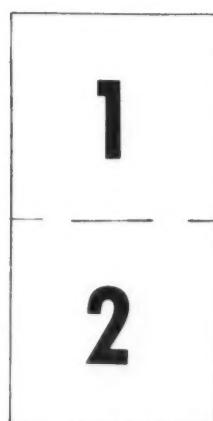
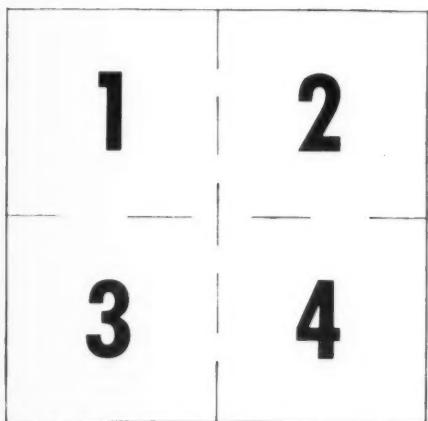
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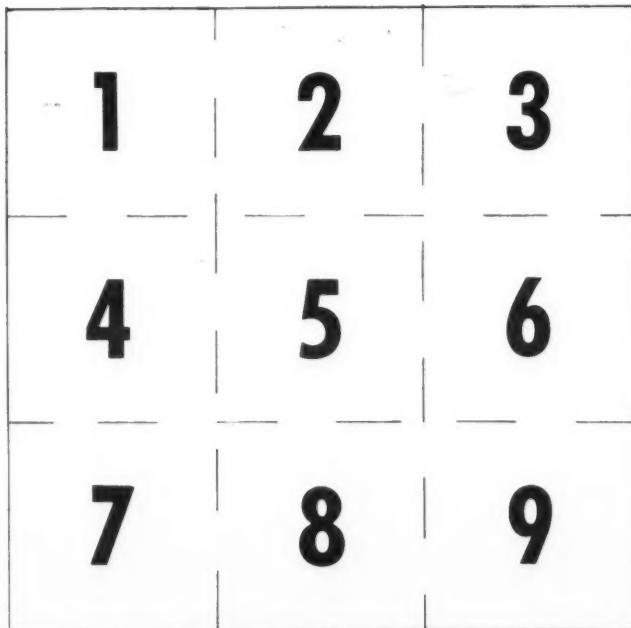
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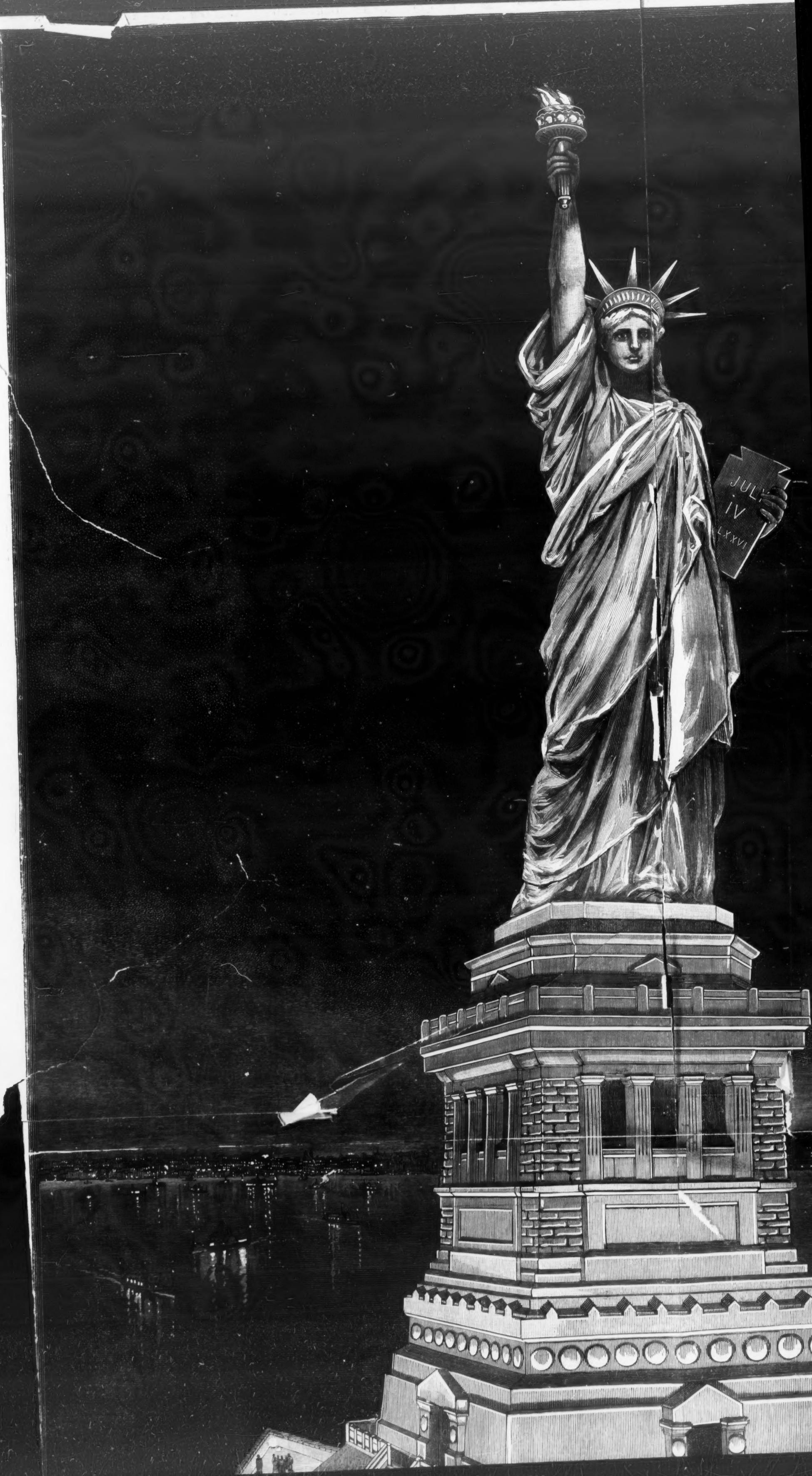


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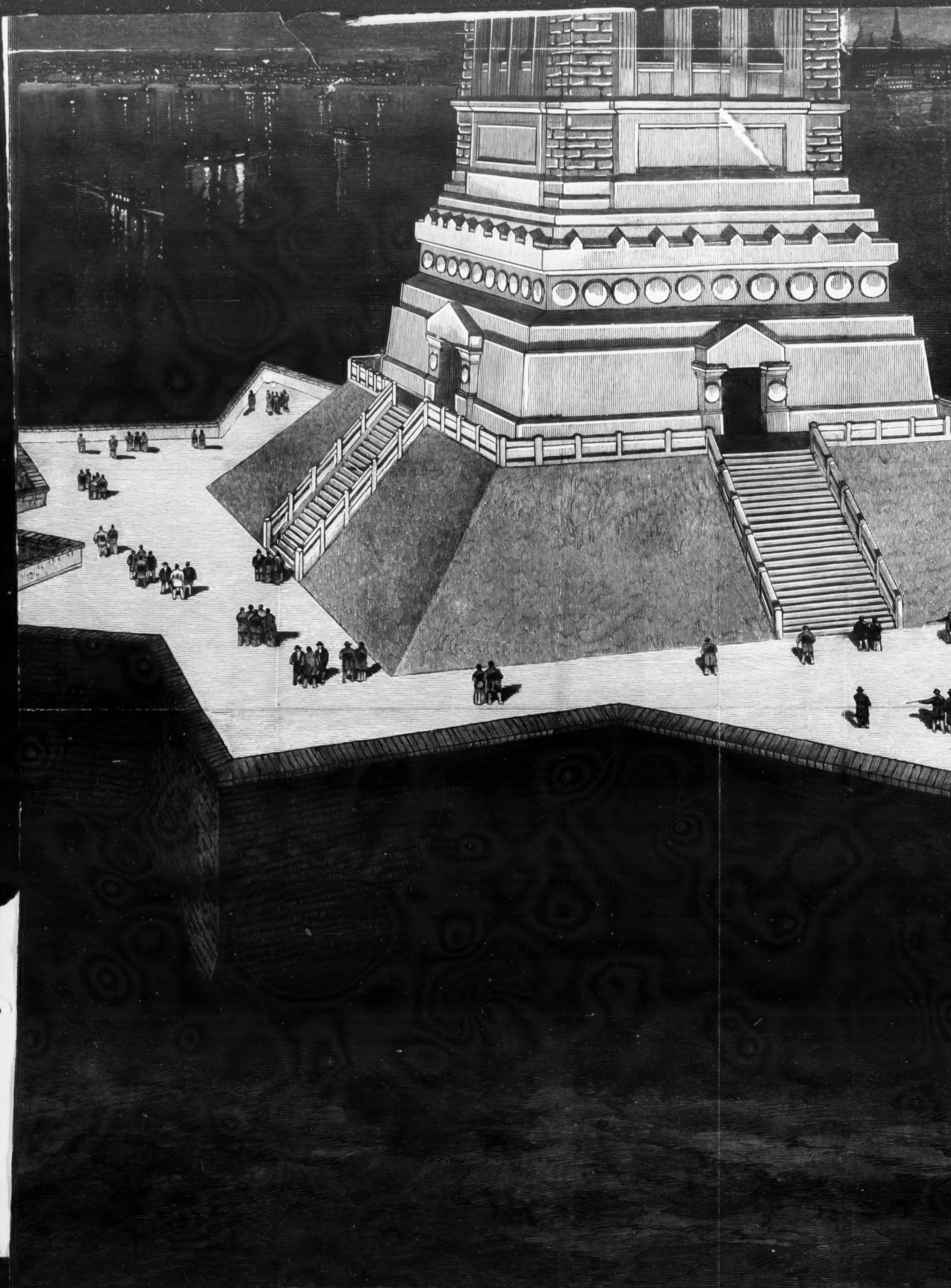


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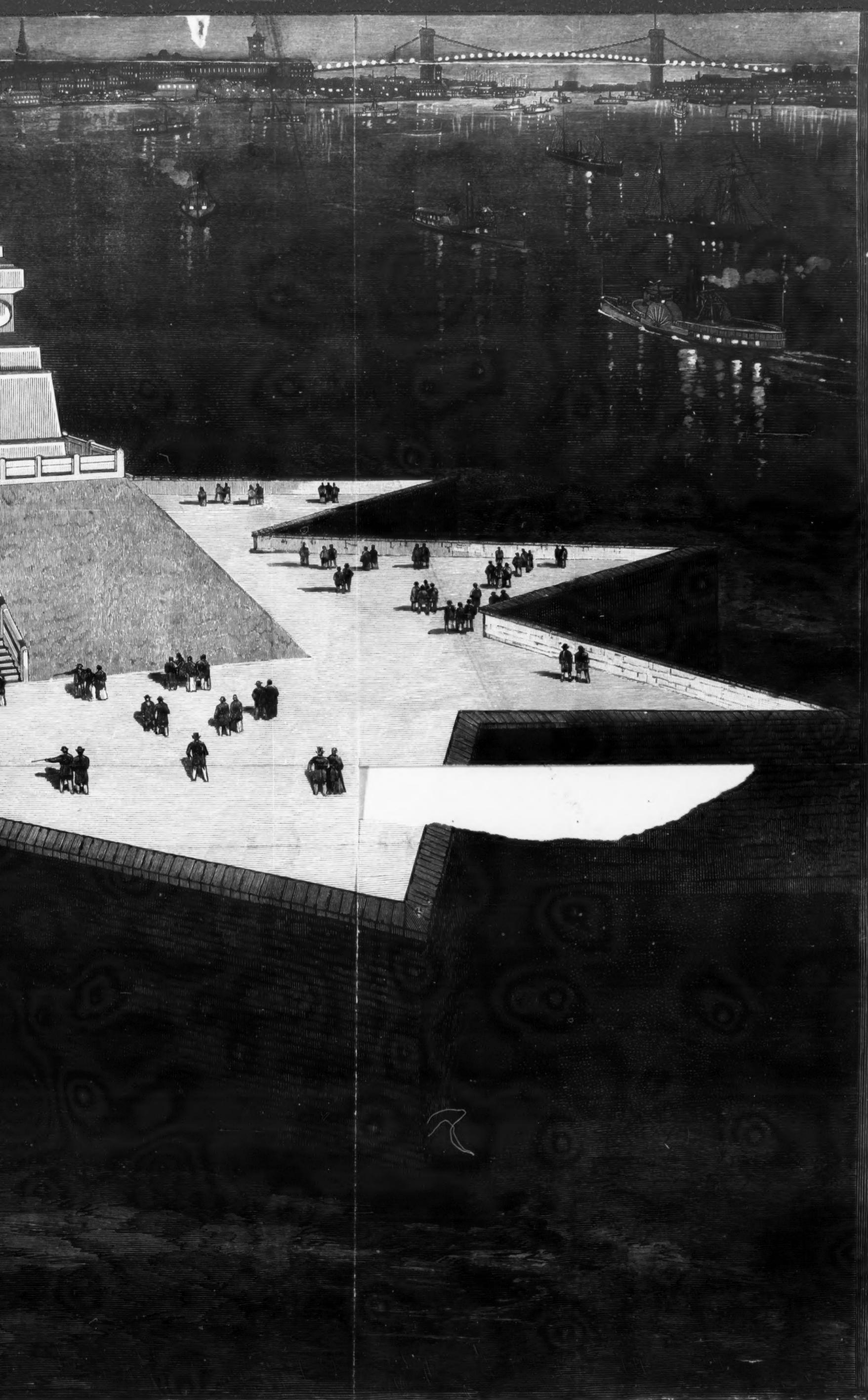




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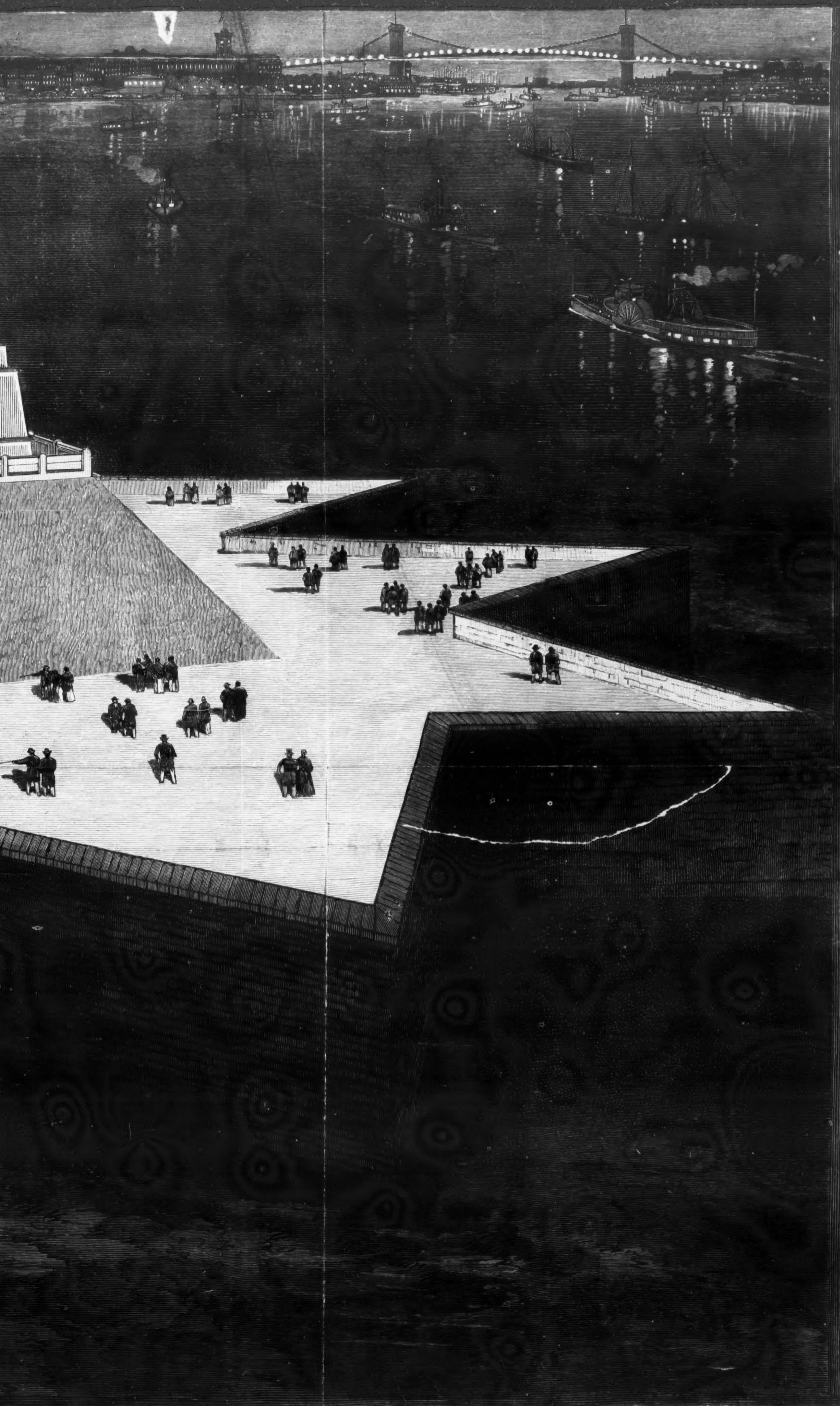
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